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CONCERT OF POWERS

It Should Be Invoked to Secure Miss Stone's Release.

Bulgarian Boxers and Government Not Entitled to More Consideration Than the Mob Leaders Who Killed Ketteler.

The brigands who hold Miss Ellen M. Stone, American missionary, in captivity refuse to be influenced by the government of Bulgaria, Turkey or the United States. Presumably they know what action has been taken by the several governments, and their answer to all appeals, to all orders, is that Miss Stone will be killed unless a ransom of $110,000 is paid.

If Miss Stone is held a prisoner through the connivance of the Macedonian committee or the Bulgarian government, it is fair to assume that she will not be killed. If a political purpose was served by her capture, the responsibility for her murder would rest with all associated with the intrigue. In such case the brigands are simply the instruments, and the responsible parties for the retention of the missionary in captivity are government officials.

Whether or not ransom is paid, all such officials must be brought to punishment, if not by the Bulgarian and Turkish governments, then by the United States. If Bulgaria, under the present administration, is helpless before such a situation, why should the state not be treated by civilization just as China was treated when war was made on the legations in Peking and when missionaries were slaughtered by connivance of the imperial government?

On the other hand, if the brigands are acting independent of any political intrigue, in defiance of their own government and in defiance of the authority of Turkey, and in contempt of the United States, then they are no better than the Boxers of China who shot down the German minister, Ketteler, at Peking. In that case Germany held the Chinese government responsible, and exacted not only the severest penalties for those participating in the murder, but the most abject apology from the Chinese authorities. In this course Germany was sustained by all the civilized powers of the world.

When it became clear that the Chinese government at Peking could not or would not protect Americans and Europeans against the Boxer mobs, the United States, Great Britain, Germany, Russia and other powers interfered and compelled the suppression of the outlaws. If Bulgaria or Turkey cannot suppress brigands as contemptuous as the Boxers in defiance of the laws of civilization, there is as good reason for the interference of other powers in the case of Bulgaria as in the case of China.

If ransom is paid at all, it should be paid by Bulgaria or Turkey. If ransom is paid by individuals in America, the money should be refunded by the governments responsible for the operations of the brigands. But above and beyond this is a larger question. Miss Stone is an American, located in an empire that guarantees the protection of Americans, is held as a prisoner in a state that has accepted the obligations imposed on other states, and the United States has made a demand for her release. If this demand is not complied with, then punishment must follow.

The Bulgarian government in the last year has been involved in low intrigues leading to assassination, has been intimidated by conspirators against the peace of the country, has failed to perform the functions of government. Only the jealousies of the European powers as to influence in the Balkan peninsula have prevented action that would bring Bulgaria to terms. No such complications stand in the way of the United States.

If Turkey cannot compel Bulgaria to act in this case, or in similar cases, then the United States must. A government that can keep open communication with brigands to enable them to make demands for ransom and to telegraph threats to the friends of prisoners that they will be killed, should be able to release the prisoners. That it does not, argues the Chicago Inter Ocean, is a virtual confession of abdication, and other powers should act accordingly.

MISS ELLEN M. STONE.
(American Missionary Captured by Bulgarian Bandits.)

Arkansas Kangaroo Ranch.

An Arkansas planter is making arrangements to start a kangaroo ranch. The hides are valuable and the tendons extremely fine, and are the best thing known to surgeons for sewing up wounds and especially for holding broken bones together, being much finer and tougher than catgut.

Europe's System of Royal Succession.

The most general is that known as the salic system, under which women are completely excluded. This is the rule in Belgium, Sweden and Norway, Italy, Denmark and Germany. Then there is the German-Dutch system under which Germans in all degrees of relationship take precedence of females, the throne passing to the female line only in case of the extinction of all the male lines, however remote. This is the rule in Holland—from which the law takes its name—Russia, and some of the minor German states. The third system is our own (English) under which females are excluded when there are males in the same degree of relationship, but take precedence of males whose degree of relationship is not so close as their own. Thus an elder daughter of the ruling sovereign gives way to all her younger brothers and their issue, but takes precedence of a male cousin or a nephew. This system is the rule in Spain and Portugal as well as in England.—St. James' Gazette.

Poor Papa's Poor Patients.

Here is a little story of a little girl, the daughter of a local physician of credit and renown:

She is a bright child of six and has been much petted by her admiring friends. Perhaps this has spoiled her a little, but she is so sweet and entertaining that visitors can't keep their hands off of her.

One of these visitors, a new neighbor, made a call on the little maid's mother, and it was but a few moments before the little maid was on her lap.

In the chatter which followed the lady made some allusion to the little one's grandmother.

"Why, didn't you know?" cried the child.

"Know what, dear?" said the visitor.

"Why," answered the child, "grandma is dead, and grandpa is dead, and Aunt Jane is dead—and most all of papa's patients are dead, too!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FRAUDULENT RAILROAD TICKETS.

"The State authorities recorded yesterday what is said to be the first conviction for ticket forgery ever obtained in Cook county. Frank L. Rice and Jacob Wolf were the defendants found guilty, the penalty being imprisonment in the penitentiary, under the indertiminate law, from one to fourteen years.

"Rice is said to be a member of the ticket brokerage firm of Allardt & Co., 186 Clark street, and suspicion was directed toward him in a peculiar way. Wolf was employed as an engraver in Detroit, Mich. Rice hired Wolf to make plates of certain Western roads which would be copies of tickets in use. Wolf's Detroit employer discovered what was being done and the Western Passenger Association was informed and investigated the matter, securing the evidence which led to conviction.

"About this time forged tickets of several Western roads were being placed on the market. They were traced to Rice, and on July 26 the authorities searched the office of the brokers at 186 Clark street, and arrested Rice

"Henry J. Allardt, alleged partner of Rice and witness in his behalf, was instructed by the court to bring in a record book of the brokerage company. He failed to do so, and yesterday Judge Kavanaugh informed attorneys for the defence that they must have the man in court to-morrow morning to show cause why he should not be fined for contempt."—*Chicago Tribune, September 29, 1901.*

Disasterous.

From The Ohio State Journal, Sept. 30, 1901.

Two years ago the finance committee of the Ohio Republican State executive committee prepared and mailed a circular letter, calling attention to the importance of the State campaign that year and stating that voluntary contributions for the legitimate expenses of the State committee would be very gladly received. These were mailed to the leading Republicans throughout the country. Because some of the letters were delivered to federal officers within the government buildings where they were employed, over-zealous friends of the civil service law contended that the law had been thereby violated and brought the matter to the attention of the federal grand jury. The law on this subject forbids soliciting campaign contributions from any officer or employe of the United States in any room or building occupied by him in the discharge of his official duties, but the grand jury very sensibly concluded that it was no violation of this law to address a letter to a postmaster, or to any federal officer in a government building merely for the purpose of informing him he might tribute to the campaign fund if he so desired. Not only was this letter so carefully worded as to clearly come within the letter and spirit of the law, bnt extracts from the law and regulation, including everything contained therein bearing on the subject, were also enclosed in every letter so mailed.

A reporter of the State Journal interviewed Mr. W. F. Burdell, who is still treasurer of the finance committee, at his office in the Board of Trade building, this city, and asked him if his committee proposed to send out a similar circular letter this year.

Mr. Burdell replied that he had noticed a good deal of discussion outside of the committee as to what the committee would do in the matter, but the finance committee felt it ought to decide the question for itself. "While the circular letter sent out two years ago," said Mr. Burdell, "was clearly not a violation of the law, and that fact was made plain by the extracts from the law which accompanied the letter, yet the committee was subjected to a great of deal of criticism on account of such action and considerable annoyance resulted. While the campaign this year is just as important as was the one of two years ago, and Democractic victory this year would be just as disastrous to the country and just as great a menace to our present prosperity, and the expense of running the campaign this year will be just as large as was the expense two years ago, it has been decided not to send out such a circular this year. We believe that Republicans throughtout the country realize the importance of this year's campaign in Ohio. A Democractic victory here would be in the light of a rebuke to the National and State administrations, and would seem to foreshadow the election of a Democratic house of represenitves next year. It would mean that this State would be redistricted and the number of Democratic congressmen from Ohio largely increased. Realizing the importance of this year's campaign, we feel sure that Republicans all over the country will gladly render their assistance without waiting for the formality of a letter from our committee. It is only necessary they should know that we will be glad of their help."

SUDDEN DEATH.

Mrs. Cornelia Baggett Dies Suddenly At Her Home.

Mrs. Cornelia Baggett, mother of Mrs Bernard H. Baggett, 11823 L street northwest, died suddenly Wednesday morning at her home about 11:40 A. M. The immediate cause of Mrs. Baggett's death was paralysis, this being the third attack that Mrs. Baggett has had. She was well known in the northwestern section of the city as one of its most agreeable citizens. She went to her work as usual on Tuesday morning in a jubilent condition. She did not complain until late in the evening. At which time Dr. Cabaniss was called in and remained with her all night Tuesday night and Wednesday morning at 11:40 she breathed her last. She will be buried from St. Augustines Church this afternoon at 3 o'clock.

THE McKINLEYS LITTLE GIRL.

"The National Magazine" has the unique magazine feature of the month. This a portrait of President McKinley's little daughter, Katie, who died at the age of three and a half years. The portrait, which has never before been published, adorns the first page of "The National" for October.

"It shows," says "The National," "a sweet, serene little face' with tender, trustful eyes and rosebud lips. Rich wavy hair, parted at the middle, falls down over the shoulders, clad in some fleecy white stuff. She is, in all her features, the youthful image of her father, blending with his strength something of the subtly sweet grace and charm of her mother. Katie lived to the age of three and a half years. The first child of her parents died at three months; if any photograph of the infant was ever taken it has been held sacred from the world's gaze. Often and often the wish has been expressed that the people might see the likeness of the President's little girl. 'The National' is happy to be the means of gratifying that natural and sympathetic desire of the American people."

Persons wishing to obtain a copy of the magazine containing this portrait and fifty pages of other McKinley pictures as well, should send 10 cents in stamps to "The National Magazine" 41 West First St., Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

Tribute to the Late President by the Baltimore and Ohio Royal Blue.

THE BEE has received from S. B. Hege, Esq., one of most enterprising and genial attaches of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company, and by the way the General Agent of the Passenger Department of that Company a handsome book of the Royal Blue in memorian to the late President William McKinley. This number which has just been issued for circulation contains complete editorial excerpts from all the leading newspapers; sermons embracing the best thoughts of all the leading divines and eulogies from the most distinguished and eminent men in the United States. A more concise and illustrated book has never been published. The Passenger Department deserves great credit for such an excellent work.

JAMES L. PUGH.

Prosecuting Attorney—A Popular Favorite among the members of the Bar

Col. S. M. Lewis.

The patrons and advertisers of THE BEE will receive a visit from Col. S. M, Lewis its advertising manager. Col. Lewis will explain the contents of the forth coming holiday number of the paper which will be the greatest that has ever been published. Those who wish to avail themselves of this 30,000 editions should send in their order at once, or a card for Col. Lewis to call.

MASONIC NOTES.

The management of THE WASHINGTON BEE has secured the services of one among the most brilliant and best posted colored masons in the country, to furnish masonic news from all parts of the country, and if the members of the Masonic Fraternity in Washington and throughout the country will take time to read THE WASHINGTON BEE, they will find its columns from time to time filled with much mportaut masonic information that will enlighten and benefit the craft.

The colored Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite Masons in the United States will on the 6th of next August, 1902, at Springfield, Ohio celebrate the fifty-second year of the introduction of the Ancient Accepted Sottish Rite among the colored masons in the United States. The United Supreme Council of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite for the southern and western masonic jurisdiction of the United States, its territories and dependences, will hold at that time their thirty-third annual session at Springfield, Ohio, All masons of the exalted rank of the 33rd degree will come from all sections of the conntry at that time. The members of the Supreme Conncil of the Ancient Accepted Rite of the thirty-third degree are divided into two distinguishing branches, active and honory members. The Supreme Council is limited to thirty-three active member,s and they are elected for life.

The colored masons in the state of Florida called a meeting to organize a new grand Lodge for the state of Florida. They are in open revolt against the unmasonic conduct of Grand Master John Dickerson. It appears from what can be learned that Grand Master Dickerson ignored all the masonic law and masonic teaching of the order. The action on the part of the masons of the State of Florida in eliminating from the fraternity such individuals as Dickerson is highly to be commended, and the sooner they organize a Grand Lodge and place it upon legal basis among the colored masons in the state of Florida the better off they will be.

F. C. Brown and a few orther prominent colored masons in the state of Florida is to be congratulated upon the manly stand that they have taken, to forever blot out from free masonry and remove from the order, ignorant and narrow minded and incompetent individuals who have gotten into the fraternity by mistake and accident.

It has been reported that some of the officers of the old Masonic Grand Lodge of Colored Masons of the State of Pennsylvania, have been doing for some time some very irregular masonic work, and the craft all over the State of Pennsylvania has been very much stirred up over the matter and several important questions have been asked W. H. Miller of Phialdelphia and Grand Master Thomas of Harrisburg, which up to this time they have kept their mouths closed upon, and have not been able to give at any time a satisfactory answer.

Will Resume Publication

The daily *Record* that was transferred to this city from North Carolina and conducted by the Manly brothers; will resume publication as a weekly under the management of Mr. Roscoe C. M. Simmons formely of the New York *Age*. Mr. Simmons is a young man of fine traits of character and push. He has been in this city some time and there is no doubt but that he will succeed. THE BEE wishes him success. There is room for the *Record*.

Heroism.

I am proud to-day—
Proud of myself—I've won
My own esteem—I've done
No more than the poorest toiler may;
I've gained no lofty place
That others tried to take;
I've won no thrilling race,
I've caused no foe to quake,
But where the crowd surged past
A man whom failure had dragged low
Stood lonely and downcast—
A little week ago
His fawning friends laughed at his poorest jest
And praised him when they knew that he could hear—
But yesterday they pressed
Back through the throng to keep from passing near!—
I grasped his hand—
Not pityingly—nay! I met him as a man
Who had the right to stand
And face the world as boldly as they can
Whom Chance still holds above the crowd—
And I am proud.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Here We Are!

Here we are, and here we go:
Beings of a time and day.
See that river in its flow?
Just so fast we glide away!
What's your money? Great you'll be,
But at last you'll sleep with me!

Lo! I passed your place and went
On my way, starved—lonesomely!
Still I was full well content—
Your companion I will be!
In that day when God shall say:
"Shriveled be the skies away!"

Think you that your wealth can make
Any heaven or dark, or blue?
God shall from the spurned dust take
All the worth and wealth of you!
Fool! * * * God piles His dust above you—
I've God's daisies? * * * Do they love you?
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

The Magic Sword.

There is a sword of greater price
Than swords of princes are,
A weapon that is mightier
Than famed Excalibar.

Waters divide and mountains part
At touch of this rare sword,
And untrod forests fall and die
As fell the prophet's gourd.

All life its magic force must own,
Naught can its power evade;
E'en death is sometimes thrust aside
By its keen, shining blade.

He who this wondrous weapon owns
Of earth may have his fill,
For nothing mortal can withstand
The magic sword "I will!"
—Emma C. Dowd, in Youth's Companion.

Midnight.

From darkling steep, and misty vale,
What wonder dawns upon the sight?
The summer moon, a ball of fire
That burns across the sultry night.

While flash and flicker from afar
Fantastic fireflies in their play,
On shining mead, and dew-wet marsh,
The torchlight dancers swing and sway.

A red star hangs o'er woodlands dusk,
Wandering breezes fade away,
The trailing sweetness of the hour
Spirit-like haunts the garden way.

Only the moon, and midnight deep,
Touching the soul with hand of power;
Dreams that arise, an incense rare,
Memories rich as the magic hour.
—Boston Budget.

Deficient Education.

I'm really sorry for the man
Who's bred to idleness.
He passes through life's little span
A picture of distress.
Alas! he may not even know
What joy it is to shirk.
He is indeed a man of woe
Who hasn't learned to work.

But sadder is the busy one
Who hurries through this life
And never stops to think of fun
Amid the bustling strife.
He is the mournfulest of men—
You see him every day—
Who feels like loafing now and then,
But doesn't know the way.
—Washington Star.

A Butter-Pat.

I watch her at her dairy work,
With apron white before her,
And, were I infidel or Turk,
I could not but adore her.

Her elbows shows its dimpledness,
She makes me think a sonnet,
While o'er each pat she stoops to press
And print a rose upon it.

She molds my heart, and pounds it flat,
Though I've not dared to hint it,
Until it's just a butter-pat
On which her face is printed!
—M. S. Bridges, in Puck.

Red, White and Blue.

Brides must on their wedding day
Have for luck, the old folks say,
Something old and something new,
Something borrowed, something blue.

So, when fair Marguerite was led
Down the rose-strewn aisles to wed
She had followed to the end
The rule that luck should her attend.

Borrowed blushes on her face,
That the hue of love should grace,
Bridal trousseau very new,
The groom was old and she was blue.
—Baltimore World.

THE NORTH SPEAKS

THE COLOR OF A MAN'S SKIN

Is no Bar to his Recognition—Merit Will Win.

Below THE BEE prints excerpts from the Northern Press on the dinner to Prof. Booker T. Washington by President Roosevelt.

From the New York world.

The Southern ebullition of feeling over the Roosevelt-Washington dinner cannot be called general. Only a part of the Southern people are "worked up" about it. And it does not yet appear to be the majority part.

From the Philadelphia Item.

The South is disposed to set itself up with great dignity and to rebuke President Roosevelt for inviting Booker T. Washington, the celebrated colored educator, to dine at the White House. In this attitude the South is un-American as well as foolish. Mr. Roosevelt is President of the entire country, and republican simplicity places every man on an equality. He is President not only of the white section of America, but of the colored as well. It may not look just the right thing to Southern prejudice, but it should be remembered that the President was raised in the North, where the color line is not drawn, and where the incident has attracted no attention. The South should break away from its foolishness, instead of hugging it to its bossom.

From the New York Times (Ind Dem.)

The Southern papers are not well advised in their severe criticism of the President for inviting Dr. Booker Washington to dinner at the White House. There sat down together on that occasion two gentlemen one white and the other colored, who are two of the truest Americans born on our soil, and two of the best and most intelligent and influential friends of the South now living.

The morning Republican of Chester, Pa., in speaking of the dinner to Booker T. Washington says:

Just why there should be so much newspaper talk over the fact that President Roosevelt gave a dinner to a brainy Washington citizen and sat at the same table with his guest, is a matter that many broad-minded men and women of his country cannot understand. True the President's guest upon this partcular occasion happened to be a colored man, but as this is a condition over which the host nor his guest had any coutrol neither is to blame so far as we can see. Then, when it is taken into consideration that the President of the United States does not give up his ordinary rights which are as an American citizen when he assumed the responsible position of Chief Executive, it would seem that the people and the newspapers who have been criticizing Mr. Roosevelt for dining Booker T. Washington might very profitably go into the business of minding their own affairs.

The southern newspapers are horrified at the thought of a President of the United States being broad enough to recognize a man who has the respect and esteem of all his fellow countrymen, irrespective of color creed or condition in life. But whimpers the southern press, the man whom the President dined has negro blood in his veins! And there is where the trouble comes in. It does not matter that the negro has done more to elevate nine millions of citizens than any other man in the land; that he commands the confidnce and respect of the best men of the nation, that he is the intellectual superior of the men who denounce him. But Washington has negro blood in his veins and to have him eat a meal in the White House has scandalized the South to a degree from which it declares it will never recover.

President Roosevelt will hardly apologize to the southern press for weat he did. In fact there is little room to doubt that he will do the same thing again if he feels so inclined and will not ask of those newspapers their permission either. Booker T. Washington is thoroughly respectdd by the white people of the South as well as those of the North, so why should any body, regardless of geographical lines be stirred up over the mere dining of this man at the White House? President Roosevelt saw no impropriety in it and the same view will be taken by all sensible people of the entire country.

Break in China.

"Every time you open your mouth," said the elderly and envious, but plebeian aunt, "you put your foot in it!"

"And that is something, you know," pleasantly replied the wife of the mandarin, looking at her relative's ample understanding, "you couldn't possibly do."—Chicago Tribune.

At Their Mercy.

Suburbs (in great glee)—Shout with joy, Mary! Celebrate!

Mrs. Suburbs—I guess you're going crazy, aren't you? We've had new cooks before, you know.

Suburbs—Yes, I know, but this one had her pocket picked on the train coming out, and lost both her purse and return ticket.—Brooklyn Life.

ROYAL RAT CATCHER

Lives in London and Is Considered a Great Personage.

Although He Destroys Rodents by the Thousands, Yet John Black Has a Tender Spot for Them in His Heart.

Within a stone's throw of Euston station, London, in the basement of a small house, lives a man who, according to a notice-board outside, is "Rat-Catcher by Appointment to Royalty."

John Black, for such is his name, comes of a race of rat-catchers. His business has descended from father to son, and at the death of that "King of Rat-Catchers," John Newton, he added that worthy's clients to his own.

Black is a man of middle age, and his room is a veritable "rattery." Under the bed, under the table, to the right, to the left, are cages containing rats. They are kept supplied with a liberal quantity of food, for, when hungry, the captive rodent does not hesitate to eat his brother rat. In some cases as many as 20 rats share a cage, but Black is open also to take "paying guests." The latter have private apartments to themselves, are specially fed, and are sleek and comfortable. For the most part they belong to young gentlemen of sporting tastes, and the cost of their board and lodging largely depends upon the sum of the particular owner's pocket-money.

Dogs and ferrets also live in neighborly love on the premises, and a three-legged terrier (the fourth limb fell a prey to rats many years ago) hobbles always at his master's heels.

John Black's most treasured possession, says Tit-Bits, is his "official belt of office." This was presented to his father by Queen Victoria, and the broad black leather circlet bears the royal monogram in silver, flanked on either side by large silver rats. Another valued belonging is an old oil painting of the original John Black, taken in Regent's park in his "official costume" many years ago. Standing erect, attired in a black coat, colored waistcoat, the official belt, high boots and silk hat, he cuts quite an imposing figure. Sad to relate, the rats

BLACK IN HIS "RATTERY."

have wreaked post-mortem vengeance on their foe, for one night they ate large holes in the canvas, and the picture has never been repaired.

In addition to royalty Black numbers many noblemen and the heads of county families among his patrons. Last month he caught no fewer than 480 rats in a large country house in Hertfordshire, which, after being long untenanted, is now in the hands of the decorators for the occupation of an American millionaire.

While engaged in similar work in an Elizabethan mansion down in Dorsetshire Black numbered among his "catch" several pure white rats. These he subsequently sold to good advantage.

The price he generally obtains for his rodents varies from one to two dollars per dozen, "all according to size and quality." Brown rats are worth 25 cents each.

Black's chief customers are the owners of terriers and other dogs with a partiality for ratting. Now and again, when setting out for a night's work, Black is accompanied by young gentlemen "fond of excitement," who pay liberally for the privilege of "assisting." Armed with a species of butterfly-net secured at the end of a very long stick, the rat-catcher seats himself on a chair in the center of the apartment "under operation." Black works more by ear than by eye, for long practice has given him the faculty of netting a rat at the first suspicion of a squeak, although the rodent may at the time be many feet away. When once in the toils the rat is quickly transferred to a specially constructed wire cage.

For this Black insists on using his bare hands, and in consequence he has been bitten many times—so many times, in fact, that both his arms and hands are a mass of scars. Black alleges that he is proof against rat poison, for when (as does sometimes happen) his arm swells up after being bitten he reduces it in an hour or so by means of a herbal preparation of his own.

In addition to his aristocratic patrons Black is under contract with the proprietors of many of the leading restaurants, shops and theaters to keep their premises free from vermin of every kind.

According to his "official card," Black undertakes as "side lines" to his ratting business the wholesale destruction of ants, cockroaches and black-beetles.

Sprinkle with Hot Water.

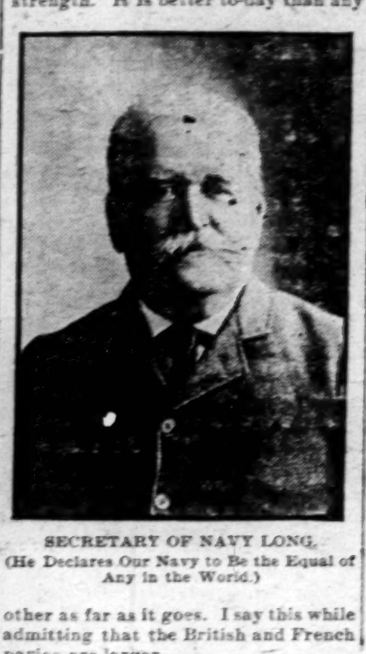
Hot water, drawn from an artesian well, is used to sprinkle the streets of Boise, Idaho.

THE AMERICAN NAVY.

Secretary Long Talks to a Newspaper Reporter About Its Personnel and Efficiency.

The enlisted men are very much improved. Drinking habits are not tolerated, and liquors are no longer allowed on the ships. I issued an order to that effect some two or three years ago, and have found that the results are good. The old sailor has in one sense passed away. There are no longer sails for him to manage and man.

Our navy to-day is as good as any in the world. Not only that, but it is rapidly increasing, both in size and in strength. It is better to-day than any



SECRETARY OF NAVY LONG.
(He Declares Our Navy to Be the Equal of Any in the World.)

other as far as it goes. I say this while admitting that the British and French navies are larger.

Our relations with foreign officers are very cordial, and the very strength of our navy will insure us a long period of peace. While I have great pride in our navy, I am confident that the interests of the world in the future lie in the direction of peace. Not only does Christian civilization shudder at war, but as a financial question it is becoming impracticable. The cost of preparation to-day is more than any nation can bear. When to this you add the still greater cost resulting from loss of business, destruction of commerce, and the general upsetting of all industries, the total reaches an incalculable figure. It will be a disgrace to civilization and a discredit to human ingenuity and judgment if after solving all other great problems it cannot solve the problem of international disputes in some way less clumsy, brutal and costly way than by killing and bloodshed and the destruction of life and property.

CAN USE A LEVER.

President James J. Hill Showed Railroad Laborers a Trick of Their Trade.

One of the most versatile men in the country is James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern railroad. He has a comprehensive grasp of the details of railroading that few men possess. Since he began to pay close attention to the financial side of railroading public attention has been somewhat diverted from the other phase of his management. An incident that occurred recently, however, shows that Mr. Hill is as practical as ever. While on a tour over the Great Northern road his train, which was going down a

JAMES J. HILL.
(Railroad President Who Knows His Business from the Ground Up.)

steep grade, became derailed. Running at a low rate of speed as the train was, no damage was sustained by the officials further than a general shaking up. Mr. Hill was the first man to alight when the train stopped after running several rods along the ties. He found that the locomotive had been thrown from the rails and stood watching the ineffectual efforts of the train crew to place the engine back on the track. Jackscrews were used, but the men did not seem to thoroughly understand the work.

"That won't do," said Mr. Hill. "Your jacks won't lift it when in that position."

But the men applied the levers, thinking they would show the president that they knew their business. The jacks slipped, letting the ponderous machine down on the ties with a bump.

"Let me set that jack," said Mr. Hill. "I don't think it will slip then," and, grabbing the screw, he set it at an incline to his own satisfaction and after throwing a little sand on the top and bottom he exclaimed: "Now, go ahead."

The trainmen were a little dubious at first, but they applied the levers and the huge machine slowly lifted itself into place and slid quietly on to the rails. The delay was only 20 minutes.

HE LOST THE TRAIL.

Terrible Experience of a Miner in the Arizona Desert.

Made Delirious by Cravings for Water, He Passed Through Terrible Hallucinations—Rescued in a Dying Condition.

This incident, reported by the Arizona Republican, happened when Mr. Porterie was working at the Grand Gulch copper mine on Grand wash, as it is now called, north of the Colorado in the Supai plateau in the northwestern part of the territory. The mines were being worked by a Mormon company from St. George, Utah. The company could not get the proper fluxes for its ore, and and therefore did not make a success of the enterprise. It closed down the mine and all who were employed there wanted to go back to Utah except Mr. Porterie, who desired to come south into Central Arizona. He knew there was a good road down the Virgin river and to Mineral park, but it was some distance west of Grand wash and over a desert country he had never traversed and was not familiar with. He was taken up into a high mountain by an old man named Pierce and shown the general direction of the road to the Virgin river. He was told where he could find water half way along the trail, at a well-known spring. He saddled his mule, and with two canteens of water started out alone.

When he got down into the valley he lost the trail, but kept traveling all that day and the following night. Some time the next morning, when the sun got pretty hot and he became almost exhausted, he stopped to make some coffee, having still one canteen of water left. He was holding his mule by the bridle when along came a desert whirlwind and enveloped them, frightening the mule, which dragged him through a cactus plant, and, breaking away from him, started back over the trail. He followed the mule for a couple of miles, then gave up the chase and again started toward

THE MULE BROKE AWAY.

the Virgin river on foot and without water or anything else save an unquenched thirst.

Just how long he wandered he does not know, but before night he began to get delirious, and after that he remembered nothing, except the hallucinations that passed through his mind before he became unconscious. He was, oh, so thirsty! It seemed like his throat was literally on fire, and he was aching all over his body. He tried erevy method he knew of moistening his throat, but the relief was but temporary. He tore open the cactus plants and everything that gave promise of containing the slightest bit of moisture, but his thirst seemed to be an ever-increasing one. He could think of nothing but water.

Finally, as his strength gave way, pleasant dreams began to flit through his mind. He fancied he saw Niagara falls and the vastness of the rapids below them. Then he seemed to face the broad expanse of a great freshwater lake. He could not see across it. It looked so cool and refreshing he could not restrain himself, and waded into it clear up to his neck. Then he fancied he could feel the fish cavorting about his feet, and everything seemed so peaceful. He was perfectly happy and contented; did not know whether he was alive or dead, and did not care.

About a week later, when he recovered consciousness, he found himself in the camp of some cattlemen, who had found him some hours after he lost track of himself. His lips were swollen and full of cactus thorns where he had chewed up the prickly pear in his desperate thirst. The cattlemen said that when they found him he was stark naked, doubtless having disrobed and thrown his clothes away when he fancied he was going down into the lake. His fingers were raw and bleeding from wounds made while digging in the sand for water.

He says that the agony that comes over one when he first begins to realize that he is about to perish for water is simply indescribable, and it increases every minute till he begins to lose consciousness. But when the body gives up the struggle the mind seems to become unnaturally active in its efforts to soothe by seemingly furnishing that for which the body suffers, and the final hours of the thirst victim are hours of sweetest anticipation.

He Ought to Be Able.

The Pennsylvania man who has started a frog farm expects to raise greenbacks by raising greenbacks.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Cost of Crime.

Criminals are very expensive members of the community. They cost the people of this country about $1,000,000,000 a year.

AN INDIAN TRAGEDY.

Two Braves Gamble for a Girl and Finally Settle Their Bitter Rivalry with Guns.

Annie Red Buffalo is the daughter of a noted Apache medicine man. She in worth $10,000 in her own right. She wears silks and diamonds. She rides in a rubber-tired buggy, but she is one of the most non-progressive and sullen members of her tribe. She hates a white person as did her forefathers years ago. She is said to have poisoned several white men who have wandered into her home at nightfall seeking rest. Her home is situated in the deep woods of Cache creek, not far from the new town of

TWO SHOTS RANG OUT.

Hobart, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. She lives with her aged father and mother.

It came to pass in the course of events and occurrences on the reservation this summer that Paul Eagle and Jack Bear Robe fell in love with this woman. Heretofore they had been the best of friends. Young Eagle is an Indian policeman, or was before his death. She induced him to cast aside his star and have nothing more to do with the white people. He followed her everywhere. He and Bear Rob came to be enemies of the worst kind. Hence it was no surprise when Eagle challenged his former friend to gamble at monte for the girl.

Miss Red Buffalo was chosen by both as dealer, and the game was a drawing card for all the members of the tribe. A few white people ventured on the gambling ground, but they were assured that their presence was not needed. The game lasted three days, during which time neither could beat the other so badly at the game as to win favor in the eyes of the dealer. She would withhold her decision when one player nearly "broke" her former friend, and the same way when the other succeeded in winning nearly out. Then, cross from loss of sleep, the young men agreed to shoot it out. To this the girl assented cheerfully.

Rifles were chosen, and the young men stepped back 30 paces. At the word fire, given by the woman, two shots rang out on the night air. Eagle fell, pierced by the assassin's bullet. Bear Robe was arrested and is now in jail at Fort Sill. It was not before the young woman for whom he fought had married him in the most approved Apache fashion. She says she will spend her fortune in having him cleared if possible.

DOG WAS FAITHFUL.

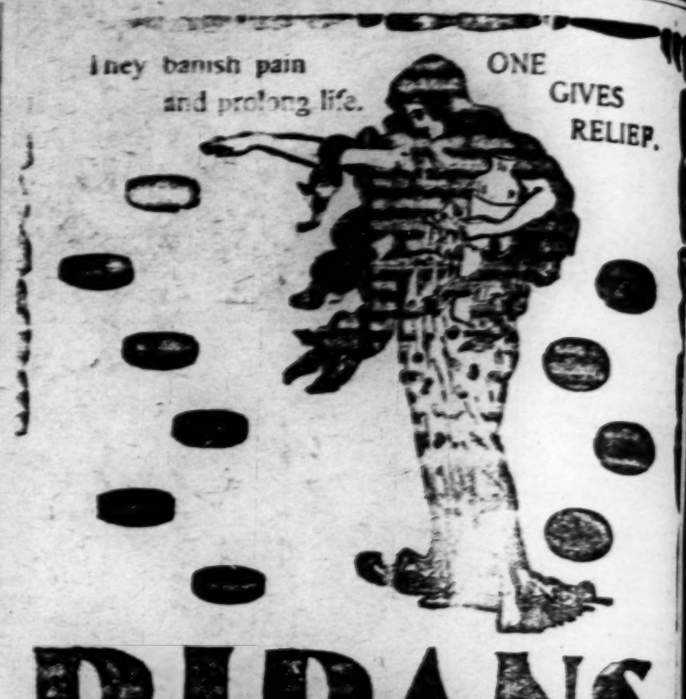
But Finally It Grew So Jealous of Its Little Mistress That It Had to Be Killed.

Patrolman Ferdinand Kidd, of the northern district at Baltimore, Md., was obliged to kill a pet fox terrier for the rather unusual reason that it

WITHOUT A GROWL OF PROTEST.

was too fond of the policeman's little daughter. According to the patrolman's story, the pup was taken in hands by the child when the dog was but a few days old, and the two were playmates for several years. As the dog grew older its attachment for the child became noted in the neighborhood, while its general viciousness toward everybody else was equally as well known. The little girl would beat the dog, drag it about by the tail, stick things in its ears and otherwise abuse it in all sorts of ways without a single growl of protest on the part of her canine playmate, but if anyone else took any liberties with it it was ready to spring at him in an instant.

Finally the dog became so jealous of the child that it would allow no other children to play with her, and when the couple returned from a stroll it was with difficulty that Mrs. Kidd could separate them. This state of affairs was maintained until the father came to the conclusion that the dog was a menace to the other children in the neighborhood, and was obliged to shoot the too faithful beast.



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I shall in this column endeavor to answer all correspondence that may be sent and urgently request young ladies to read this column, and any questions that they wished answered please send them in before Saturday of each week.

By Miss May Clematis.

The more ignorant some people are, the more they think they know.

The girl who associates with a man simply because he is good looking, regardless of his disposition and habits is very foolish.

Louise:—It is cheaper to spend your money taking care of yourself than to pay doctor's bills trying to regain health.

Elsie:—A person, who disowns that he is married is false to himself.

Visitor:—If the prominent doctor, widower of South Washington is married, and has been for several months, it is news to me.

It is the quiet, unassuming girl who wins every time.

Bell:—Don't be carried away with faces, you may be deceived.

The Young Chesterfield of Howard University Medical Class, over estimates his importance.

Emma:—I dislike to see girls visiting the house of their betrothed, except when she goes there in company with him.

Laura:—Don't laugh at a homely person when you are not even good looking.

Louise:—You are too old to associate with boys, they make you look older than what you really are.

Common sense is more essential than a good education.

Amee. It is always best to be reserved in company. Some people admire one for their dress, others for their beauty but few for the good qualities in one.

N. T. Don't allow yourself to be persuaded away. You should first be convinced that you will be benefited before you say or do anything.

Y. T. Don't imagine because you are told that you are pretty that it is really true. Look at yourself before you come to a conclusion.

R. M. The best thing that you could do in your case is not to be too hasty in agreeing to the offer of marriage. If you are doing well and you are receiving a good salary think well.

Lulu:—The person who is so willing to relate what others said about you should be ignored. An honest compan on will not betray you.

Ida:—May your future days be bright. If you are going to better your condition why marry. But, be certain in this change that you are about to make.

Etta. It is not wise to change your old and reliable friends. You have plenty of friends when you are doing well, but when you are dependent your friends are few. Your success is due to your own perseverance honesty, and true womanly virtue.

Dorah. The man who would forget himself to disgrace a woman is unfit for the company of any lady. No true gentleman would dare to insult a lady.

B. M. You should always watch the person who brings you falsehoods. Be true and honest in all things.

Ella. Your ring is pretty. You deserve it. Your sweet disposition will win for you numerous friends. Your wedding day is not far off. May your happiness ever be what is now. Your mother's visit to the city explains it all. Pray tell the household the date of the affair. Your friend I will no doubt look sweet in her white as your maid of honor.

Elie The poor school teacher has a lot to do. She works from morning until night. Her pay is small, yet their are some who think that the pay is sufficient.

Keep clean is what all girls should do.

Your company should be the best. Do your duty home and don't be ashamed of work.

Don't allow new faces to change you toward old friends.

You will have to return to them after your new companions get tired of you.

You are to select your company as well as your companions.

Read good books, they will improve you.

Beauty is only skin deep, it soon fades.

A girl is most beatiful when she is sedate.

A girl should be a good house keeper no matter how much she is worth.

Good qualities are only found in well reared girls.

Don't marry until you are certain that you can better your condition.

If you marry for fun, you may regret it.

Don't imagine that everything is right that is told you.

MURDERED BY BULL.

Man Is Deliberately Killed by a Revengeful Beast.

Other Instances Which Prove Conclusively That Animals Frequently Cherish Enmities Toward Human Beings.

In almost every part of the world man-killing by animals is common enough, but cases where a man is murdered deliberately by an animal are quite rare. There have been cases, though, where animals have killed men in such a manner that, had they been bipeds instead of quadrupeds, they would have been tried for and convicted of murder in the first degree. Stories of several murders by animals come from England. A Lincolnshire bull suddenly evinced a hatred for its owner, and the farmer had need of the greatest agility to avoid the animal whenever he happened to be in the same field with it. With every one else on the farm the bull was as gentle as could be, and even would come to the farm hands to be petted in response to a peculiar call. One day a farm hand working in a field saw the bull, which was grazing in a meadow near by, walk to a gate leading to the yard of the house, lift the latch with his nose and pass through. In the yard was the farmer, asleep in a chair tilted against the side of the house. The bull seemed to know that the farmer was asleep, and stealthily approached him. The farm hand, realizing what the animal was about, ran with a pitchfork to try to prevent the impending murder, but he was too late. The bull paused within half a dozen paces of the sleeping farmer, lowered his head and made a

TRAGEDY ON A FARM.
(Revengeful Bull Makes Deadly Attack on Sleeping Farmer.)

furious rush, pinning the man against the side of the building and killing him instantly. Without waiting to gore his victim the bull turned and strolled out into the meadow again.

A corporal in a native Indian regiment was murdered by a monkey. The monkey had been caught young, and had been kept as a pet by an officer of the regiment, who was fond of him on account of the unusual intelligence he showed. It was the duty of a certain corporal to feed the monkey, and one day he accidentally gave it some food which caused it great pain. The monkey never forgot or forgave the corporal, though another soldier was assigned to the duty of feeding the animal. One morning the officer awoke to find his pet, which slept in the same room, missing. He dressed hastily and went out. The first thing he heard was that the corporal had been found in his company room with his throat cut, the monkey sitting on his body toying with a razor. The razor subsequently was identified as one belonging to the officer, and had been left on the table in his room when he went to bed the preceding night. To commit the crime the monkey must have gone out, razor in hand, into the pitch-dark night, walked 200 yards to the men's quarters, slipped past the guard and made his way down a long corridor to the room where the corporal was sleeping. No one saw the monkey until after the murder had been committed.

A boy of 13 was murdered by a race horse, which had taken a violent dislike to him. It is believed that the boy at some time had teased or maltreated the horse, for it was gentleness itself with every one else. The boy was warned not to go near the horse, but one day he entered a loose box stall where his enemy was confined. The horse at once knocked the boy down, grabbed him by the back of his waistcoat with his teeth and beat his brains out by slamming him against the sides of the stall. The horse kept the would-be rescuers at bay while he was committing his murder by kicking violently. Having killed the boy, he allowed the stable hands to enter the stall without trying to do them harm. There have been several instances where elephants have watched an opportunity and murdered their keepers, against whom they had some grievance, perhaps of long standing.

Pussy's Salary Was Raised.

Some time ago the cat of the St. Paul post office made a record by slaying 125 rats and mice in one month. In recognition of her abilities the postmaster wrote to Washington, asking an increase in her salary, and she now receives $10.40 a year. Soon after she showed her gratitude by presenting the government with five kittens, each of which entered the United States service as soon as it was old enough to tackle a rat.

A PARROT AND DOG TIME.

Arls Judge with the Wisdom of a Solomon Gets a Difficult Case Off His Hands.

There were two cases in the correctional chamber at Paris of a decidedly opera bouffe character. The plaintiffs in each case were women. Plaintiff No. 1, being asked to state her case, said it all came about owing to a parrot. The bird had a vicious disposition and its mistress (the defendant) egged it on to be even worse than it was by nature. The plaintiff could not put her head out of the window without the bird shouting opprobrious epithets at her and generally libeling her character.

Before deciding this case the judge said he would hear the other, where-

THE BIRD IS VICIOUS.

upon the second matron stated that what she had to complain of was her neighbor's dog. It had been taught to bark at her whenever she went out, and so maliciously clever was the animal that at the instigation of its mistress it actually threw stones at her window panes by tossing them up with its paws.

By this time the people in court were convulsed with laughter, but the judge remained serious. In commenting upon the two cases he pointed out that neither action had been correctly described as a suit for libel. Then he rendered his decision, which was worthy of a Solomon. One of the plaintiffs, he said, should have prosecuted the dog, the other should have cited the parrot. Both actions having been wrongly instituted, he should, therefore, dismiss them both.

REFUSED TO BE SPANKED.

Pretty Actress Balks at the Unique Demands of Her Manager for a Sensation.

Miss B. Agnes Lane was asked to submit to a spanking on the stage, just to liven up the first act of "Don Caesar de Bazan." Miss Lane declined to be spanked, so her engagement to play Maritana in a "Don Caesar" road company was canceled and now she has asked her lawyers to sue Edwin Rostell for the amount she invested in costumes to be used in the play. Miss Lane played minor parts last season in the Bernhardt-Coquelin company.

"I was hired as a leading woman," said Miss Lane, "and after the rehearsals were all over I was told that I was not soubrettish enough to suit some mythical person referred to by the manager as the financial backer of

"I REFUSE."

the company. I never could find out who the backer was. Mr. Rostell told me that he was delighted with my acting, but that the gentleman with the money was not satisfied. He wanted Don Caesar to take me across his knee and spank me. When I refused he said I would have to quit the company. The mysterious and nameless backer with money wanted to spoil that beautiful tableau at the end of the first act by having me in a short skirt stretched across a man's knee and getting spanked just for jumping up and saying: 'What's that,' when they fired the guns."

Hanged Herself in Public.

A strange story comes from China of the public suicide of a Chinese woman at Foo Chow. She resolved on the deed after the death of her husband, and informed the public of her intention. The taotai endeavored to prevent her, and on account of typhoon and floods the suicide was twice postponed, but all efforts failed to divert the woman from her purpose, and, bedecked in her finest clothes, she publicly hanged herself on a platform before which stood several hundred spectators.

Asks $3,000 for Her Kisses.

A circuit court jury at Sheboygan, Wis., awarded Mrs. Bouska, of the town of Adell, a verdict for $500 as balm. Peter Hugent was the defendant in the case. He promised Mrs. Bouska one dollar for every kiss she gave him. Failing to collect she instituted suit. She asked the court for $3,000 damages.

THE NEW POLICEMAN

Neatly Tricked by Young Rascals He Intended to Capture.

Carriage Used as Hiding Place Almost Proves His Undoing—Is Driven Into the Country and Has to Pay His Fare Back Again.

A Milwaukee man was recently appointed to the police force of a city up in the state, and being from the "city" was anxious to show his brother patrolmen how to do things in real metropolitan style.

It chanced that the new officer was detailed to a beat on which was located the opera house, and he was given special instructions to watch the crowd of small boys, who for weeks had been a source of great annoyance to the manager of the theater.

On the evening when a particular attraction was billed at the playhouse, says the Milwaukee Sentinel, the policeman noticed the boys as usual hanging about the front doors and creating no small disturbance. Now as a matter of fact boys in the small towns have a way of dodging police officers even as they do in the cities, and the new policeman, realizing this, thought that he would work a plan which would be the means of making him a much-talked-of sleuth at the central station.

A number of hacks and carriages were standing at the theater entrance, and the new policeman, after, as he thought, eluding the gaze of the youngsters, crossed in the shadow of the street and ensconced himself on the cushion seats of a hack, ready in an instant to run out and grab the youthful offenders. But he did not know the kind of youngsters he had to deal with. More than one pair of eyes watched him cross the street, and it was not long before a boy's voice told the driver of the hack, who was taking a drink in a near-by sa-

A YELL TO STOP.

loon, that the policeman was snoozing in the vehicle.

There was a moment's discussion and then a plan of revenge was decided on. The hackman walked noiselessly around the dark side of the carriage, and before the officer knew what was being done the horses were whipped and going at a mad rate of speed down the street.

There was a yell from inside to stop, but the driver never heard. Around corners and over crossings at a pace that made the policeman's hair stand up with fright the horses dashed as he clung frantically to the seat to keep from having his head bumped against the top of the hack.

The ride lasted for 15 minutes, and when the horses were finally allowed to settle into a walk and stop the distance back to the policeman's beat was reckoned by the hack driver at about four miles. Of course there was an argument, possibly some language that would not bear repeating, but through it all the hack driver maintained an air of calm indifference until, in a last effort to contain himself from laughing, he made the proposition that the policeman pay his fare back to town.

It was insult to injury in the officer's eyes, but notwithstanding he remembered that the chief was at the theater and if he was not seen upon the beat when the play was out questions would be asked. Accordingly, with much loud talk, a $2 bill was produced, and the driver with professional politeness opened the carriage door for his passenger to enter on the return trip.

When the hack finally did come in sight of the opera house there was a scattering of small boys, but it was not done quick enough for the new officer to escape hearing the delighted peals of laughter as the last tattered coat and cap whisked around the corner.

Find Diamond in City Dump.

A diamond earring, valued at $250, and lost by Miss Lizzie McDonald, was recovered later in a pile of garbage at the city dump at the foot of Ninety-fifth street, Chicago. Miss McDonald is a relative of Dr. Larkin, and was visiting at his home when she lost the earring. She did not discover the loss until the house had been thoroughly cleaned. When a search was made the pendant could not be found. The garbage had been carried away and the members of the family did not know who had removed it. Through Ward Inspector Walsh the identity of the garbage man was learned. He took Dr. Larkin to the place where he had dumped the load of garbage, and, after a search of half an hour, the earring was found.

Hornets' Nests.

A hornets' nest usually contains from 300 to 400 perfect males and females and an indefinite number of workers.

ATTENTION LADIES

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JOTTINGS OF THE POETS.

The Rules That Failed.

He longed to live a hundred years,
And turned from dissipation;
He managed daily to indulge
In proper recreation;
He never drank nor smoked nor chewed,
He husbanded his powers
And never varied from his rule
Of keeping proper hours.

He made a study of the forms
And mysteries of diet;
He shunned the busy marts of trade,
To live in peace and quiet;
He wore hygienic hats and shoes,
Hygienic shirts and collars—
He'd ne'er have slept without fresh air,
For twenty thousand dollars.

He might have lived a hundred years,
As he so much desired,
If he had not lain down one day
And suddenly expired.
They rubbed his hands, they called his name,
Alas! he would not rally—
He and a sturdy William goat
Had frolicked in an alley.
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Nature's Voices.

No false note ever strikes in Nature's music,
Pure melody in every tone, the strain
Of harmony is in its depths, the sweetness
Of brook, of wind, and patter of the rain.

A drowsy sense of comfort in the lapping
Of waves upon the beach. A grand, deep strain
Of organ in the long, majestic clapping
Of thunder, rumbling in the lightning's train.

The hum of bees, the insects in the meadow
Beating their wings in tones as sharp and shrill
As tree toads utter in the falling shadow,
The happy songs of birds; all charm and thrill.

A thousand voices touch our hearts and senses,
From faintest echo in a cave, to roar
Of ocean rushing in bewildering fury
To gather in his arms the waiting shore.
—Claire K. Alden, in Farm Journal.

Peace.

The heart where peace abides is like the ocean
Whose depths the surface storms can never move,
But still abides in deep, unruffled quiet,
For all the foam-flecked waves that roll above.

The heart where peace abides is like the heaven.
The limped dome where clouds in sullen might
May come and go; but through each rift appearing
The blue shines forth the same serene and bright.

Oh, send our hearts this blessed peace, great Father!
That thus endowed and cheered through Thy dear love,
This life becomes to us, Thy faulty children,
A foretaste of the better life above—
—Miss E. H. Warner, in N. Y. Observer.

Harvest Song.

Summer all is pleasure past,
Summer charm is a tale that's told;
Days of reaping have come, at last,
Days of ripeness and days of gold;
Down the meadow-way, glad and strong,
Love comes singing his harvest song.

Love is [illegible]
Brown and brawny of limb is he,
Master strong in the garden mold,
Lord of pasture, and plant and tree;
Treasure-burdened, he plods along,
Singing brightly his harvest song.

And in answer the autumn breeze
Sings a pleasant and fair refrain,
Through the boughs of the orchard trees,
O'er the fields of the waving grain.
Hark, the echoes about him throng—
Nature's singing her harvest song.
—Frank Walcott Hutt, in Farm Journal.

Causes of Comfort.

Petted Wife — This old-fashioned chair is delightfully antique, but very uncomfortable. I don't see how your mother could like it.

Husband (mildly)—I presume she was usually tired when she sat down.
—N. Y. Weekly.

Cynical.

"I wonder if there really is any honor among thieves?"

"Certainly not. Thieves are just as bad as other people."—Philadelphia Press.

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AMERICAN CIVILIZATION?

The Southern democrats hoped and expected to blarney the President so as to continue unrestrained in their wicked reign of terror and proscription against the colored race. They are shocked, boiled smitten, and exasperated. In one fell swoop Mr. Roosevelt has "smashed to smithereens" their fondest fuel. They are fuming with dire imprecations against him and all because he simply took a meal of victuals with a colored gentleman who had been entertained by the nobility of England, and the best people of America. The New England papers refer to the matter as a significant illustration of the intensity of race feeling in the South and declare that the enemies of the President might as well try to capture Gibralter with beanblowers as to disturb him with their intemperate protest against his entertaining Booker T. Washington at the White House. The Providence, R. I. Journal says in referring to the criticism of a Tennessee paper, "when a citizen of Tennessee is president he will probably act as Tennesseeans do, but Mr. Roosevelt comes from New York and there as in New England, Mr. Washington would be a welcome guest in many a home.

Harvard University saw fit to honor him when the degree of Master of arts was conferred upon him and the alumni of Harvard not only welcomed him but cheered him when he sat down to dine with them in Memorial Hall. They must not expect the President of the United States to live up to or down to sectional prejudices." The northern papers generally regard the affair as unworthy of the 'fuss and feathers' it has created, being a simple affa ir in which the President exercised the inalienable right to invite whom he pleased to dine with the highest personage in America, Mr. Washington could not have declined. It is a privilege and an honor which not white or black, would be apt to decline. He has never sought what is called equality with the whites and ought not to be blamed for acceptation to dine with the President. If the President can stand it Mr. Washington ought not to give himself any uneasiness. We print below extracts from the the Southern democratic press which will explain themselves.

"It is strange news that comes from Washington. Theodore Roosevelt—a white man,—a splendid representative of the danger girdled race of Holland and a son of that most perfect of all human creations, a true Southern lady has taken Booker T. Washington, a full blooded negro, by the hand, welcomed him into the White House, and entertained him at dinner upon terms of social equality. White men of the South how do you like it? White women of the South how do YOU like it?"

The President presents in concrete form the question of racial social equality. Every one knows that when Roosevelt sits down to dinner in the White House with a negro he that moment declares to all the world that in the judgement of the President of the United States the negro is the social equal of the white man.

The South can never take to its heart a man who has had a colored man at his table.

"All the democratic appointments the President can make would fail to reconcile the South to the fact that the President of the United States ate at the same table with a "nigger.

It is the most damnable outrage that was ever perpetrated by any citizen of the United States. The President has closed the doors to any accession of the southern white men in the republican ranks.

The President has committed a blunder that is worse than a crime and no atonement or future act of his can remove the self imprinted stigma.

Roosevelt has done a great injury to the negroes of the whole country especially those in the South and has damaged the wisest and most useful negro in America.

The people of the South who had warmed up to the President have had their feeling rasped In irritating the South he has lost power for good.

The President could not have committed an act not actully unlawful that would have excited as much popular feeling or arouse as much public attention. Nobody knows what he will do next. He has seriously fallen from popular favor in the Southern States. The political and social atmosphere is seriously disturbed.

Roosevelt is consumed with the idea that it is his duty to take the bit in his teeth in open defiance to every and anybody. The act was a flagrant insult offered to the people of the South—Even Washington, who has been delivering his stereotyped speeches will come in for some adverse criticism as he is following in the same line blazed out by Frederich Douglass who when he reached the apex of his fame as leader of his race felt himself above marrying a woman from among his people."

The Elimination of the Negro.

The New Orleans Picayune says: "The elimination of the bulk of the negro vote from politics in most southern states and the removal thereby of the danger of negro domination has opened the way for the formation of a respectable white republican party in these States."

We think the democratic partye has very little respectability to spare in the Southern States. The Ku Kluxism, lynchings, ballot box stuffing, political intolerance and general cussedness which has marked the history of the democratic party in that section shows that it stands in need of all the respectability it can get. The inference to be drawn from the above clipping is that before the mean and dastardly disfranchisement of colored voters in some of th Southern States the republican party was not good enough for the class of white men who may now conclude to come into it and make it respectable. Shades of Lincoln Grant and Harrison! Respectable!

These respectable (?) would-be republicans may as well say because the negroes have embraced the christian religion they will choose to serve the devil unti the negroes are eliminated from the christian faith and then they will step in to make christianity respectable in the South. Are the value of republican principles and measures to be determined and dependent upon the color or race of their adherents? If republicanism is good for the white man in the North is it not also good of the black man in the South? These white men in the South who want to come in at the eleventh hour and own the republican party in the South are but political wolves in sheeps clothing. They are galvanized for the purpose of securing federal pie. What they are after is more political and official power. They know they will always be in a hopeless minority but what do they care so long as they wield power in the State and Nation. These southerners are great diplomats. They always get the best end of the government loaf. They have always gotten about every thing they wanted from the beginning of the government up to the present. Even the results of the war have played in their favor. The leading republicans of the country will find it a very costly experiment if it allows these pie hunters in the South to bamboozle them into the belief that a host of Democrats will ever forsake their political idols and fall down and worship at the republican shrine. We know the animal too well.

Tempest in a Tea Pot.

From the way that certain hot headed democrats and ministerial hypocrites are talking and acting about President Roosevelt dining Prof. Booker T. Washington, one would suppose that some great crime had been committed. The criticism that the South has made is only a subterfuge. The South hasn't felt well since the appointment of Ex-Governor Jones on the federal bench, and certain copper head democrats were only waiting for some excuse or pretext to condemn the appointment, in an indirect way. Hasn't a man the right to invite whom he pleases to his house? What right have these copper heads to criticise President Roosevelt? They will next attempt to dictate the kind of food the President should eat and will no doubt say that he shall walk and not ride. Why should the country pay so much deference to the South? What is the South to which anybody should cater? The South will forever be what it was prior to reconstruction until these old copper heads and ministerial hypocrites are eliminited from our Christian Civilization.

One thing about President Roosevelt is that he is in the habit of doing what he pleases and what he thinks is right and just, moss back democracts to the contrary not w thstanding. The country is with the President and when the time comes those who are condemning the President, will see their folly and laugh at the "tempest in a tea pot.

No Cause For Worry, Sinclair.

From the Chicago Record

Steward of the White House to go

Sinclair, the veteran steward of the White House, who served in that capacity throughout President Cleveland's second term and President McKinley's first term, and who on account of his position is the recognized leader of the colored society of the nation, has received notice that his services will not be required after October. President Roosevelt brought his own colored man, Pinckney to Washington, and it is presumed that Pinckney, who has the reputation of being a fine cook, will be Sinclair's successor. Pinckney's principal duty at the present time is to ride bicycle races with little Kermit Roosevelt.

THE BEE would like to know where the *Record* got its imformation that Mr. Sinclair is the leader of the colored society of this city? This gentleman is hardly known outside the dining room of the executive mansion. There are several societies in this city, will the *Record* please state which society he leads?

WISDOM OF CURRENT FICTION.

A woman has need of a sharp tongue, since Providence gave her but indifferent fists.—Joscelyn Cheshire.

As we grow older all life grows more and more bitter—and we more and more able to bear it.—A Woman for Nothing.

Arguments are like birchings; only those know their value who have ceased to have any need for them.—A Royal Exchange.

The history of many a woman's tragedy could be summed up by the man's cry of weakness. "I need you. Stand by me!" — Another Woman's Territory.

Poetry—and most of all amateur poetry—stands for pain. Every line of it spells woe. Either the writer, or those living with the writer, could tell a tale.—Robert Orange.

It is sometimes instructive to look back and see how Destiny gave us a kick here, and Fate a shove there, that sent us in the right direction at the proper time.—The Crisis.

Men who like field sports are, as a rule, earnest, healthy, vivacious fellows, fond of good cheer, with a decided leaning towards making the best of everything.—At Love's Extremes.

All this outward show of holiness failed to convince. It was like the smell of musk, which hints of less desirable scents to be overpowered rather than cleansed.—Sir Christopher.

I suppose it is the crowning futility of sentimentalism to try to remember all the sunrises and sunsets of one's heydays. It only adds to one's late pathos in life to open his old album and smile wearily at the souvenirs that have grown meaningless. — A Journey to Nature.

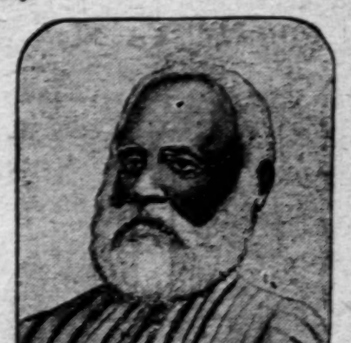
A German scientist, sweltering in Berlin on a very warm day, hopefully looked forward to the time when the sun's heat will be much less than it is at present. This desideratum is announced to occur in about 10,000,000 years.

FIJI'S CANNIBAL KING.

Late Ruler, Known as Thakombau, Probably Ate 1,000 Human Beings in His Lifetime.

The benevolent-looking old patriarch here seen is Thakombau, the late cannibal king of Fiji. This whitebearded scoundrel began his bloodthirsty career at the tender age of six years, and inaugurated his reign by strangling his mother with his own hands. The influence of heredity was manifest in him, for his father, King Tanau, was even a greater fiend than his son—which is saying a great deal.

It was formerly the custom in Fiji to kill all victims destined for



KING THAKOMBAU.
(Savage Ruler Who Holds World's Record as a Man-Eater.)

the ovens with clubs, but King Tanau conceived the pleasant little scheme of making the human "joints" arrange themselves already for cooking and then roast them alive.

If somewhat behind his worthy parent in ingenuity, Thakombau far surpassed him in the number of people he killed and ate. One of the minor chiefs—whose opportunities for murder and cannibalism were presumably more limited than those of his sovereign—used to keep count of his own victims by means of a pile of stones. These reached a grand total of 872 and King Thakombau's record is known to have been considerably greater than this. All things considered, it is as well for the beautiful land of Fiji that King Thakombau is dead.

MAY BECOME PREMIER.

King Edward Reported Anxious to Have the Duke of Devonshire Succeed Salisbury.

King Edward is said to be anxious that the duke of Devonshire should be prime minister after the coronation. The duke, who is lord president of the council in the Salisbury cabinet, would be willing to stand aside and let the king choose for premier the marquis of Lansdowne, now secretary of state for foreign affairs, but the duchess of Devonshire insists upon her husband becoming prime minister.

Lord Salisbury is rapidly falling into a condition of chronic somnolence. For months it has been growing more difficult to arouse him to a sense of the gravity and urgency of the government's situation. The

DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.
(King Edward Is Anxious to Have Him Succeed Salisbury.)

result is that each minister is acting without control.

The scheme is said to be to retire the marquis of Salisbury, make the duke of Devonshire prime minister, put the marquis of Lansdowne into Devonshire's present position of lord president of the council and appoint Lord Curzon of Kedleston, now viceroy and governor general of India, secretary of state for foreign affairs to succeed Lansdowne.

When Lady Curzon of Kedleston was about to leave England she told friends that she hoped to be at home in England before the coronation.

Plague of Wild Dogs.

In northern Patagonia a reward is offered for the extermination of the dogs that overrun that part of the world. The ancestors of these wild dogs were a pair of tame collies which were taken over by a Scotsman straight from his native heath. The animals have retained their natural instinct in connection with sheep, but instead of guarding them they prefer killing them; hence the farmers have always to be prepared for the sudden advance at any time of a strong herd of the wild creatures hungering after flocks of sheep.

The Age of Work.

From the age of 20 to 35 or 40 is a period of great efficiency and activity. Politicians, orators, warriors and artists are then formed, and some of their greatest triumphs gained. Alexander, Hannibal and Napoleon had made themselves known by some of their most extraordinary military achievements before they were 30. William Pitt was prime minister of England at 25, and as a statesman and debater in the house of commons sustained himself from that day onward against such men as Fox and Burke."

OBJECT OF ANARCHY.

The Followers of the Doctrine Don't Know What It Is.

Proudhon, Pioneer of the Cult, Was an Idealist—Violent School Was Founded by Kropotkin, a Russian Prince.

Within a few minutes after the shooting of President McKinley at Buffalo, and before anything was known of the identity of the assailant, news of the affair was in every American town and village to which the telegraph reaches. Probably in every town those to whom this first report came exclaimed: "An anarchist!" and many thousands added bitter denunciation of all anarchists.

According to Zenker, himself an anarchistic theorist, "anarchism means, in its ideal sense, the perfect, unfettered self-government of the individual, and, consequently, the absence of any kind of external government."

That such a state is possible not one of the anarchistic philosophers has contended, and each has been eager to hold up his neighbor's plan, if not also his own, of Utopia. Its realization, said Proudhon, pioneer of the cult, would be an entirely new world, a new Eden, a land of the perfect idealization of freedom and of equality. Yet Proudhon wrote many books and made many addresses in behalf of his doctrine. Like every other anarchist, he found his theory ending in a contradiction—as soon as there was anarchy a new state would be built up.

Not until the movement started by Proudhon had reached Russia did the "propaganda of action" come into it. In Russia the government, controlling the military, was able to check instantly any movement which might appear in any of the few big cities. In the country no movement could have effect.

"Terrorism arose," says Stepniak, "because of the necessity of taking the great governmental organization in the flank before it could discover that an attack was planned. Nurtured in hatred, it grew up in an electric atmosphere filled by the enthusiasm that is awakened by a noble

PRINCE PETER KROPOTKIN.
(Russian Noble Who Started the "Propaganda of Action.")

deed." The "great subterranean stream" of nihilism thus had its rise. From nihilism and its necessary sudden outbreaks anarchism borrowed terrorism, the propaganda of action.

Prince Peter Kropotkin of Russia was the founder of the violent school of anarchists. Banished from Russia, he set about organizing in various countries bands of propagandists. Instead of the individualism of Proudhon he proclaimed anarchist communism, which is now the doctrine of force and is the branch of the cult most followed in Italy, France, Spain and among the Poles.

Johann Most followed Kropotkin, and in pamphlets and papers urged death to rulers and leaders of the people. He published explicit directions for making bombs, placing them in public places; a dictionary of poisons and the means of getting them into the food of ministers and other government officials. "Extirpate the miserable breed," he said, "extirpate the wretches."

All these leaders and many other theorists, German philosophers, Englishmen, and Americans as well, have published books showing why they believe anarchy to be the ideal condition of the human race. None of them believes it possible. It is only the less brilliant followers who attempt to carry out their teachings and thus bring bloodshed. How this is done the psychologists, the students of criminology explain.

"Anarchism is a pathological phenomenon," says Caesar Lombroso, the Italian criminologist. "Unhealthy and criminal persons adopt anarchism. In every city, in nearly every factory, there are men with active minds but little education. These men stand, day after day, before a machine handling a tool, doing some mechanical action. Their minds must work. They have little to work upon. They are starved for proper food and air and for the mental food which is necessary to a proper understanding of society and of the duties of men. Into the hands of these fall the writings of the anarchists with subtly worded arguments.

"The workman may not be moved in the least by the first perusal. He may even be amused. But later, little by little, as he stands at his work, they come back to him, and he broods over them again and again until they become part of his mind and his belief, and sooner or later he becomes a violent anarchist. For such men Johann Most and his followers form little groups which can hold secret meetings, and through them deeds of violence are plotted and accomplished."

THOMAS GOODE JONES.

Eminent Alabama Democrat Given a Seat on the Federal Bench by President Roosevelt.

Former-Gov. Thomas Goode Jones of Alabama, whom President Roosevelt has just appointed United States district judge, is a distinguished democrat, with distinctly modern ideas of southern progress and southern political necessities. Descended from an illustrious family of old Virginia, he is beyond dispute a conservator of the south, while his free and advanced opinions in the matter of negro rights and promiscuous lynching place him in the very forefront of the newly awakened state builders of Dixie. Judge Jones was born in Ma-

THOMAS GOODE JONES.
(Appointed to the Federal Bench by President Roosevelt.)

con, Ga., 57 years ago, and was brought up in Alabama. He fought nobly on the field of battle for the confederacy and received the personal thanks of Gen. Lee. After the war he took up the practice of law and was at times a journalist, a legislator, an officer of militia and an orator whose eloquence thrilled those who heard it. In 1890 he was elected governor of Alabama, and in 1894 he led the movement for sound money in his state, presiding at the convention which sent its delegates to Indianapolis. He is known as a progressive, yet conservative, and eminently forceful and patriotic citizen.

PRINCE OF BULGARIA.

The Duodecimo Ruler Who Is Held Responsible for the Abduction of Miss Stone.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who finds himself deeply involved in the responsibility for the abduction of Miss Ellen M. Stone, the American missionary, is closely related by blood to several of the royal families of Europe. He is the son of Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg and of Princess Clementine, a daughter of King Louis-Philippe. He was elected to the throne of Bulgaria after the death of Prince Alexander in 1886, and one year thereafter the young man accepted the trust. He was 28 years old when he took the constitutional oath of office which made him

FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.
(Held Responsible for the Abduction of Miss Stone.)

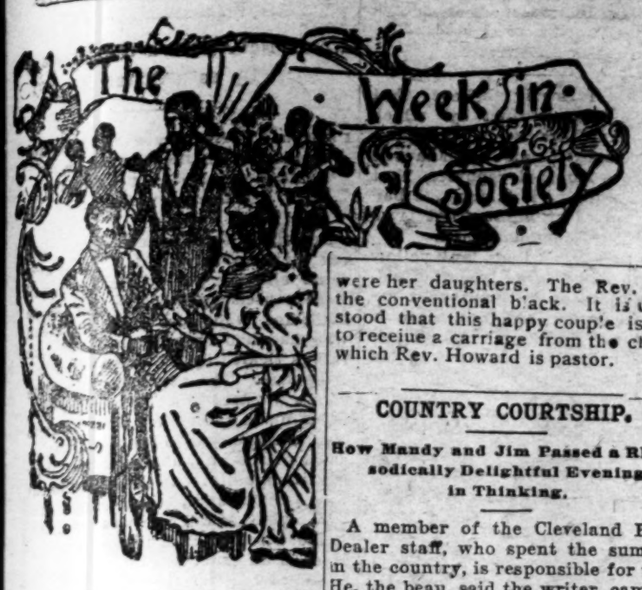
the ruler of Bulgaria. His sovereignty was formally recognized by the porte and by the powers in February, 1896. Up to the present time the people of Bulgaria have been very happy under his regime, and the realm has been in peace, save for a brush with Servia, which amounted to nothing. In 1893 Prince Ferdinand was married to Princess Marie Louise of the house of Bourbon. They had two sons, the eldest of whom, Boris, the heir apparent, was admitted to the Greek church in 1896. The princess died in 1899.

McKinley and Macduff.

A Scotch genealogist announces that he has traced the descent of the late president McKinley back to Macduff, thane of Fife, who slew Macbeth. The line, traced through the MacIntoshes and the Farquharsons, of Braemar, to one Finlay Farquharson, called Finley Mor, on account of his great size and strength. Finlay Mor was killed at the battle of Pinkie while bearing the royal standard in 1547. His four sons took the name MacFinlay or MacFonnly, which in English is MacKinley. The MacKinleys settled at Annie, in Perthshire, and about the end of the seventeenth century a MacKinley, of Annie, known as "James, the trooper," went to Ireland, where the spelling of his name was changed to McKinley. The descendants of "the trooper" came to this country and the late president's descent in that line is traced in his biography written by Robert P. Porter.

Horses for South Africa.

The steamship European cleared from New Orleans recently with 1,100 horses for the British army in South Africa.



Ex-Congressman Geo. H. White left the city for New Jersey.

Miss Sarah Lewis principal of Cook's building remains quite sick.

Don't fail to go and hear Miss Smith See advertisement.

Mr. Moses Anderson of the Treasury department is on his leave.

There will be a marriage of a teacher in the 9th division next month.

Miss Bertie Wills is in town again from King William County, Va.

Miss Mammie Tancil who has been sick for some time is convalesing.

Miss Calena Johnson is still in Norfolk with her father, who is very ill.

The wedding at the 19th street church Wednesday night was a swell affair.

Miss Martha Liggons who has been sick, is able to attend her school duties again.

Messrs R. F. Chisolim and Edward G. Nalle left the city last week for New York.

Miss Calena Johnson was called home last week to the bed of her sick father in Norfolk, Virginia.

Miss Sarah Lewis, principal of O street school has been ill since the opening of the schools.

Miss Martha Liggons has been absent from her school for several weeks, on account of sickness.

Miss Over of capital Hill was quietly married this week. Her stay in the schools was very short

Mrs. Whipper formerly of this city died at her home in South Carolina, Thursday October 17.

Recorder H. P. Cheathans left the city yesterday for Newark, N.J. where he will deliver a speech.

The greatest treat will be Miss Smith Novembea. 1st at the 15th Street Presbyterian Church.

Misses Fannie C. Chase and Jennie Dowling have returned to the city after an absence of one month.

The Misses Whipper have been called suddenly to the bed side of their mother, who is very ill in North Carolina.

Mr. T. Janeway Garder of the Government Printing Office left for his home in Philadelphia today to be gone several week.s

Another Normal school graduaet has been appointed, the vacancy being made by the appointment of an assistant to the principal of Cook bullding.

The South African ministers and the temperance lecture by Mrs. Jessie Lawson last Sunday night at the 19th street Church made an interesting programe.

Mr. H. W. Lewis, choristor of the Israel C. M. E. Church is doing some very effective work. The choir s in better shape now than it has been for several years.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Richard Contee of Denver, Col. for the 15th anniversary of their marriage. Mr. Contee was formerly a resident of this city and is from one of the leading and best known families. The event is to be celebrated Monday October 28th., in Denver, Col.

Col. Watler L. Cohen and wife Mrs. Williehamie of New Orleans La., passed through the city on Tuesday on their way to Buffalo, N. Y. Col. Cohen looks well and he is the same genial Southerner as in days of old. Mr. Cohen was highly pleased with city of magnificent distances.

Invitation are out for the marriage of Miss Sarah E. Fox of Staten Island N. Y. to Rev. H. H. Warring of Alexdria, Va. The event will take place November 20th at the home of the brides parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Fox at 11 o'clock, a. m. At home after November 24th at 507 Columbus, St., Alexandria, Va.

Mr. W. H Carter of the Amphions Club and leading baritone solist of St. Lukes Church, will sing Morrell's "Nearer My God To The," at Israel C. M. E. Church Sunday morning. Don't fail to hear him.

Dr. Oliver H. Arnold left the city last Friday morning for Charlotte, N. C. where he will practice his profession in denistry. He will be gone at least a year. His many friends regret his absence from the city.

The little grandaughter of Mrs. Jennie Simms of 5th Street northwest has been seriously ill for several weeks. It will be remembered that little Bertie's mother died very suddenly about two years ago with Spinal meningitas. The child's speedy recovery is hoped for.

The Silver wedding of Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Howard, at their cozy home in Defrees street was largely attended. Silver ware of every conceivable design was presented as well as a large purse of money. Mrs. Howard was beautifully attired, as were her daughters. The Rev. wore the conventional black. It is untler stood that this happy couple is soon to receiue a carriage from the church which Rev. Howard is pastor.

COUNTRY COURTSHIP.

How Mandy and Jim Passed a Rhapsodically Delightful Evening in Thinking.

A member of the Cleveland Plain Dealer staff, who spent the summer in the country, is responsible for this. He, the beau, said the writer, came in the early twilight. When he knocked she opened the door and pretended to be surprised at seeing him.

"Be you Jim?"

Jim admitted being "it" by a curt 'yes," and followed her into the parlor. He sat down on a chair without leaning back, placed his hat in his lap and clasped his hands over his knees. She sat on the far side of the room with her hands lying one in the

HAVING A LOVELY TIME.

other. After a lapse of 14 minutes he opened the conversation:

"Folks well?"

"All 'cept pap; he's down with roomytiz."

Another long and ominous silence —perhaps 20 minutes.

"Goin' t' begin harvestin' t-morrer," he said.

"Dew tell! Must hev airly crops," from her.

Then the clock had the floor for another 17 minutes.

"Hoss is sick," she said.

"Wa'al, I'll be durn! Which un?" exclaimed Jim.

"Bay mare."

"Epp'zooticks?"

"Eppizooticks."

After this outburst nothing was said for 30 minutes.

"Goin' t' th' singin' skule Saturday night?" queried Jim.

"Nobuddy axt me," she said.

"I axes ye," said Jim, bravely.

"I'll go," she said.

Twenty-five minutes elapsed.

"Ole Boss hed a kaff," said Jim brightening.

"Law, me!" she said.

Twenty minutes passed. Then Jim unlocked his hands, put on his hat and stood up.

"Goin'?" she asked.

"Goin'," he said, and walked out on the porch. She followed him to the door and they both stood thus in silence for ten minutes.

"Must be after three," he said.

"Must be," she said.

"Good night, Mandy," he said.

"Good night, Jim," she said, and shut the door as he walked out of the yard.

And yet this is the twentieth century.

THE MAXIMS OF JUDY.

[George W. Stevens, in July Success.[

Many practice humanity to get the under hold.

If you expect to make anything—expect to make mistakes.

Set your stake, and before you reach it set it further ahead.

He that opposes us sharpens our wits and becomes our helper.

I would rather fail and know the cause than succeed and not know why.

It is a mistake to eat all you can, spend all you have, tell all you know or show all you feel.

We look backward regretting, or forward hoping, while the present stands offering us flowers.

Show me a man who has never made a mistake, and I will show you one who has never tried anything.

If we could get a shield from the fear of things that never happen, our troubles would be reduced 90 pe cent.

You can't escape criticism; for, if you save your money, you are a miser and a hog; and, if you spend it, you are a spendthrift and a dog.

Don't tell what you have of beauty, strength, education, money or genius. The only thing I care to consider is what you are doing with it.

Employer—I'd engage you for the place at once, only I must have a married man.

Applicant—Keep the place open for an hour, sir, I'll fix that! It's easier to get married than to get a job.—N Y. World.

M. HOFFMAN

HIGH GRADE CLOTHER AND TAILOR.

723 Seventh Street, N. W.

Popular prices for high grade clothing—If we didn't manufacture our own clothes, our prices would be higher—No store can sell our qualities at our prices if it has to buy from a manufacture and pay him a profit.

Doing the making ourselves and doing away with intermediate profits keeps quality up and prices down—The best of everything goes in the Hoffman's make Materal, finish and workmanship—The fit and style you can see for yourself—There isn't a make of ready to wear clothing on the market that beat ours.

Suits for $6.50 $8.00 $10.00

ARE VERY STRONG LINES HERE

In suits you may choose from Cheivits, Wosteds and Cassmiers—In top coats from Coverts, Chelvits and Oxfords—Some silk lined—The man who wears anything but the Hoffman make is paying too much for his clothing don't rush off to the store where you usually trade and buy your fall suit and over coat—Look around and see what we are offering.

INTRODUCING OUR FINE TAILORING.

There is always room for the worthy that the men of this city fully appreciate the merits of fine tailoring is shown by their hearty respouse to our opening announcement—In attaining perfection in the art of fine tailoring we have always aimed at the highest ideas—The result more than warrented the extra care and greater efforts—Styles that are faithful to fashion dictates garments that are flawless in workmanship and finish such tailoring at the scale of prices we maintainrepresents the acme of economy to careful dressers. We never forget the colored trade of this city as we have found in past deal ings that they appreciate honest and fair dealing—We quote you a few specials an all wool black thibet sent to your measure 8 00—A strickly all wool mixed cashmers sent to your measure $9.50—A very fine black clay worsted suits to your measures $10.48—An extra fine thibit or fancy worsted for dress made to your measure for $12.48 worth $18.00—Fancy worsted in 25 different made to your measure for $3.00—Come and look us over—You are invited to inspect our stock and get samples, then compare our prices with other tailors.

Look For

M. HOFFMAN,

THE HIGHEST CLOTHER AND TAILOR

723 SEVENTH STREET N. W.

OUR INSURANCE OUR JOURNAL OUR BANK

Ours Is Best, Because It's Ours!

The **UNITED AID AND BENEFICIAL LEAGUE** (Incorporated), is the strongest organization in the world owned and operated by colored people, being capitalized in the sum of $100,000.00. It is backed by investment stock which is sold to members at $2 per share, which **earns 12 per cent. annually.** Persons are protected from one to seventy years of age with sick benefits ranging from $1.25 to $10 per week, and death benefits from $15 to $500.

OUR PRESIDENT

THE SIXTEEN-YEAR LIMIT ENDOWMENT POLICY
is the safest and cheapest issued by any organization of its character. Members pay no more dues after sixteen years membership, and are at liberty to draw a **cash value** for their policies.

THE SICK AND DEATH DEPARTMENT
is also operated on the most mutual basis and members enjoy advantages in this not accorded by any rival company.

The League operates its own

BANKING INSTITUTION
which is capitalized and chartered under the laws of Pennsylvania in the sum of $50,000.00 and all members can be stockholders and participants in the profits therein. The last annual 12 per cent. dividend on stock was declared on June 4th, last.

THE AMERICAN HERALD
is the official journal of the organization, a copy of which is sent to every member by mail at least once a month, that they may keep posted as to every detail of the work. It is published weekly and mailed to subscribers at $1 per year. It is brimful of interesting **news matter** (not a cheap patented sheet), edited on the most high-toned scale, and pains are taken that no unclean or objectionable items of advertisement are inserted in its columns. Advertising rates are as cheap as any first-class journal can afford, and made known on application.

For detailed information, address

HEADQUARTERS
1024 South 20th St.

J. CLINTON, JR., PRESIDENT
Box 3823, Station "D," Philadelphia, Pa.

AMUSEMENTS.

ELOCUTION RECITAL

November 1. 1901.

—BY—

MISS ANNIE SMITH

(Graduated of the New England Conservatory Boston, Mass.)

Col. Wm. Murell and severa Louisiana politicians called on the President Wednesday afternoon.

Presbyterian Church, 15th street near K street northwest, Friday Nov. 1st, at 8 o'clock Miss Smith will be assisted by artists who need no introdnction to the Washington literary and music-loving public. The mention of their names is sufficient to guarantee a real treat to those who may hear them: Miss Lola Johnson, Miss Jeannette Williamson, Mr. John T. Layton, Mr. Bernardin Smith, Miss Mary E. Smith, Accompanist

ADMISSION - - - 35 cents

Fine Wines, Liquors, and Cigars. Meals Served at all Hours.

Wolf's

KOSHER RESTAURANT,

Ladies and Gents Dining Rooms Upstairs
Furnished Rooms for Gentlemen Only.
635 D Street, N. W.

The Capitol Shoe Company,

We have a fine line of Men's Women's and Children's SHOES and RUBBERS.

This store is conducted and managed by colored men.

J. H. HANDY Manager

733 Seventh, N. W. (eastside)

CURTAIN CALLS.

London is threatened with a dramatic production of Oscar Wilde's fantastic story, "The Picture of Dorian Grey."

James K. Hackett may tour Australia in the summer of 1902, a proposal to that effect having been made to him by J. C. Williamson.

Paris critics have treated the French version of "Quo Vadis" with marked hostility, asserting that it is a plagiarism from the elder Dumas' "Acte" and Chateaubriand's "Martyrs."

Charles Hawtrey, who comes to this country next season with a fine English reputation to back him up, will appear in New York in the fall in "A Message from Mars." He will be under Charles Frohman's management.

OPENING

OF NEW FALL FURNITURE, CARPETS, AND FURNISHINGS.

You will find a stock here that will surprise you in its elegance and completeness. The very newest patterns in Parlor, Bedroom, and Dining-room Furniture are now ready for your inspection—also Carpets Crockery, Bedwear, &c.—all on easy weekly or monthly payments. Carpets made, laid, and lined free of cost. No charge for waste in matching figures,

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MAMMOTH CREDIT HOUSE,
817-819-821-823 7TH ST., N. W.
Between H and I Streets, Northwest.

Watson's Park,

AN IDEAL SUMMER RESORT

—ON—

GLEN ECHO RAILWAY. MD.

A Fine place for pleasure seekers. Bring your children and husbands, bring their families, and enjoy an outing at this delightful SUMMER RESORT. Shade trees, cooling and refreshing breeze. Take F street car and continue your ride to GLEN ECHO junction. Take the car there for CHEVY CHASE, that stops at the PARK ENTERANCE. If you take the avenue car, 7th or 14th street car for CHEVY CHASE and Change at the junction, take the GLEN ECHO car and come directly to

watsons park.

A Beautiful Broche Free

IF you want a beautiful Brooche, a Hand Painted Miniature Picture FREE, Send at once YOUR PHOTOGRAPH on Tin-Type and Receive a Hand Painted Brooche. These brooches are put in rolled gold frames. Every one guaranteed. Send one dollar for 6 months subscription for THE BEE or two dallars for one year. If you send in your subscription for six months with your picture you will receive one Brooch of yourself or any one whose picture you may send. One Years subscription will entitle you to Two Brooches. Call and see samples or send your Subsription with Photograph or tin-type to

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Studio, Basement St. Augustines Church, 15th Street bet. L and M. N. W. Monday and Tuesday on and after the 22nd, of September. Hours 5 to 8 p. m.

Tenors and bassors afford special inducement to join Madam Daly's classical chior apply in basement of St. Augustine Church.

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Parties contemplating going into the grocery business will do well by visiting this firm.

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Fresh Salt, and Smoked Meats, Butter, Eggs, and country Produce, choice Fruits, and Table Luxuries, confectioneries, cigars, and Tobacco, Etc.

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Fine Wines, Liquors AND Cigars

310 SIXTH STREET, N. W.

Washington, D.C.

THEY SAY.

Don't be too certain about anything.

The pit you dig for others may be filled by you.

Dogs may bark, but they are generally harmless.

You may see a thing and yet no prove it.

Some people's misfortune is the result of some one's gain.

Some people live on the misfortunes of others.

Do the best you can it will do you good some times.

This is a world of sin hence, you must be careful how you go.

Be certain that you are right and then you are safe.

Be above suspicion and then you will not be watched.

Do right, then you need not think that every bush is an officer.

You cannot always have your own way.

The successful man is he who does right.

Don't drag your friends into scorn others.

They are for the vulgar and the impure.

If you have a good friend stick to him.

Don't believe all that is said to you.

Some people don't know when they have a good friend.

You shall reap what you sow.

Those whom you have aided often turn against you.

Think well of those who have befriended you.

We often see others faults but not our own.

Be what you are and don't put on youself a false face.

President Roosevelt is a man.

Senators Hanna and Foraker are safe leaders.

Ohio will go strongly republican in November.

Be sure that you are right.

The South will attempt to dictate where the President shall go hereafter.

The President will have to consult the southern democracts what he shall eat before long.

Nothing is certain until it is made certain.

The President knows what to do and when he says a thing he means it.

Think before you speak.

Look out for the weekly *Record*

The people should support their papers.

There was a great day at the Second Baptist Church.

Do your duty and nothing more can be expected.

Read THE BEE if you want a live paper.

There was a sensation sprung by Jones Monday.

He laughes best who laughes last.

Don't be too certain in anything.

Don't be acuated by jeolousy.

It pays to be honest.

The next move will be made soon.

It is easier for some people to lie than it is to tell the truth.

Don't take up other peoples troubles.

The best thing to do, is right.

Bad advice from your enemies is poor advice.

There is need of reformation in the schools.

There were a clamor for a change and it was made.

You got it and still you are not satisfied.

Read THE BEE and be happy.

Loaning of Jewelry.

It is the practice of London West end jewelers to loan magnificent tiaras and other articles of jewelry for special occasions. These things are loaned as a courtesy to specially good customers, while other people less well known must make a deposit of the value of the jewels before taking them.

Derivation of "Tawdry."

"Tawdry" is derived from St. Audrey. In the early middle ages fairs were held in France and England on St. Audrey day, and those annual gatherings became noted for the gaudy and worthless jewelry sold at them.

BULLET PROOF CLOTH

Genuine Life Protectors for Rulers and Public Men.

Had President McKinley Worn One of Szczepanik's Undershirts No Anarchist Could Have Killed Him.

"An undergarment of this material," said Dr. Szczepanik, of Vienna, "would have rendered the bullet of that Buffalo anarchist entirely harmless. A month from now all rulers and a great many public men the world over will be wearing them, that is, if we can supply the demand."

The Austrian Edison pointed to a woven fabric cut in the shape of a high waistcoat, and drawn over a lay figure, possessing just as much elasticity and power of resistance as a live human body.

"Have you got your revolver with you?"

The correspondent protested that he never carried such a thing.

"Pardon me," cried the inventor, "I thought every American did."

He opened a drawer containing an assortment of six-shooters of all calibers and makes. The correspondent selected a well-known pattern registered "seven millimeters caliber," loaded it carefully, and took a position near the door.

"No, no," said Szczepanik, "nowadays assassins come up quite closely to their intended victims."

"What is the proper distance?"

"Suit yourself. Stand six feet, or twelve, or fifteen, or two, or four. It's all the same."

The bullet, which was of considerable size, rebounded the instant it struck, and fell upon the floor. Three more shots fired in quick succession, and well aimed, had the same negative result. The correspondent was given full liberty to investigate. He sounded the lay figure, handled and punched it. Szczepanik does not care at present to reveal the nature of its material. However, the writer feels certain that it has no metallic substance. It is pliable and as little resisting to the

SHOOTING AT A DUMMY.
(Testing Mr. Szczepanik's Bullet-Proof Underclothes.)

touch of one's finger as the swelling of a woman's arm.

On the covering there were four dark spots, the impressions of the bullets fired on to it, not into it. The material is white silk-like and about four millimeters thick. "One could make a nice winter coat out of this," said the inventor, "if it was not so expensive, but a shield of this stuff worn under the shirt will suffice for the purposes for which it is intended—the protection of rulers and public men in general. The shield should cover all vital parts. The head could be protected by a skull cap, and the face, if necessary, by a fan or an umbrella of this material.

"And if you want to go still further, the cover of the carriages used by the executive, as well as the curtains and hangings of his box at the theater might be manufactured of this bullet and dagger proof material."

So sure is Szczepanik of the invulnerability of the cloth that he offered himself as a target to the correspondent, who declined. "There are more than a dozen men in the factory who feel as strongly as I on the subject," he said.

"President Carnot and the unhappy empress of Austria died by the assassin's knife," continued the inventor. "Indeed, at one time the European secret police gathered information to the effect that anarchists had decided to abandon altogether revolver, shotgun and infernal machines for the dagger. Hence, a life protector of this kind would not be perfect unless responding to all possible emergencies. There," pointing to a drawer, "you will find an assortment of stilletos, bowies, butchers' knives, and several other sorts of knives. Select any weapon you please and perforate my cuirass if you can."

A brigand's knife was used first, then a bowie was used, bread knife, and a shoemaker's knife afterwards, but the point of neither penetrated the silk material by one hundredth part of a millimeter, even though the newspaper man did the stabbing with all the force and strength at his command.

As to the why and wherefore, Szczepanik would only say this: "It's all in the weaving. The method of weaving adopted paralyzes concussion by distributing the shock over the entire area of the garment. Of course the material is especially selected for the purpose."

Szczepanik is sure that his invention will at last furnish rulers and public men with the necessary life protector necessary as long as there are anarchists and other lunatics in the world. As intimated, the price of the cloth is great, for the present at least, but that cuts no figure. Eventually the dagger and bullet proof material may become cheap enough to revolutionize warfare, but that is a long ways off.

YOUR CREDIT
IS GOOD
AT
House & Herrman

The Only Complete Housefurnishing Establishment Washington.

N. E. Cor. 7th and I Streets, N. W

Chas. E. Spielder

Manufactu er of Plain and Ornamental

IRON RAILING

Iron Porches, Window Guards, Grills, Balconies, Gratings, Cellar Doors, Etc., of Every Description.

Builders' Work A Specialty,

All work Firstclass.

Shop in Rear of 1344 H Street, N. E

GET THE BEST

When you are about to buy a Sewing Machine do not be deceived by alluring advertisements nor be led to think you can get the best made, most finished and

Most Popular

for a mere song. See to it that you buy from reliable manufacturers that have gained a reputation by honest and square dealing. You will then get a sewing machine that is noted the world over for its durability. You want the one that is easiest to manage and is

Light Running

There is none in the world that can equal in mechanical construction, durability of working parts, fineness of finish, beauty in appearance, or has as many improvements as the

NEW HOME

Has Automatic Tension, Double Feed, alike on both sides of needle (*patented*), no other has; New Stand (*patented*), driving wheel hinged and adjustable centers, thus reducing friction to a minimum.

WRITE FOR CIRCULARS

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.

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Hams, Bacon, Lard,
Beef and Beef Tongues.
"Pure Lard" Puns a Specialty

451, 452 and 453 Center Market.
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All Goods Packed and Delivered Free of Charge.

WILBUR F. NASH

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Hams, Bacon, Lard.

DRIED AND CHIPPED BEEF,

COOKED HAMS, TONGUES

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SPECIALIST.

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308 11th St., n. w.—bet. E and F. Specialist in Rheumatism and all Chronic diseases. Consultation free.

ADVANTAGE.

—OF—

BAILEYS

Improved Truss.

tion with perfect safety.
All uncomfortable and injurious steel spring pressure is avoided.
The pad is held in place by woven bands, which retain an equal pressure in all positions of the body.
It can be worn in bed, a great desideratum to the young as tending to a perfect cure.
It is the only suitable truss for children and females.
The proper amount of pressure can be brought to bear and maintained in any position without pinching or hurting the wearer.
It will cure hernia if placed on the patient sufficiently early.
Excepting umbilical, it is the best truss ever offered for all kinds of hernia.
It is so perfect and comfortable in its adjustment that the patient in a short time forgets he is wearing it. (See the certificate of Mr. Daniel Johnson.)
Sent postage paid to any address on receipt of price; $3 for single and $4 for double truss
In ordering, give location of hernia, right or left side and measurement. Satisfaction given or money refunded when the truss is returned in good order Address:

L. C. Bailey,

Room 15, 609 F St., N. W.
or 2921 M St., N. W., Was. D. C.

Yabsley—There isn't a bigger nuisance than the man that is always insisting on treating.

Mudge—He isn't half so bad as the fellow that never treats at all.—Indianapolis Press.

TRAMP DOG'S GRATITUDE.

Protects His Benefactress from Assault at the Hands of a Dangerous Character.

"I did not formerly believe that dogs possess an instinct by which they can read character in human beings," remarked an Indianapolis woman to a Journal reporter, "but now I am positive it is true. I had an experience last night that was equivalent to a demonstration.

"A few days ago a long, lank yellow dog, about three feet high, of decidedly unprepossessing appearance except for its benevolent face, came to our house, and finding me standing at the kitchen door, began to wag his

BEGAN TO GROWL.

tail earnestly and to look into my face with a gaze that contained an unspeakable appeal for something to eat. Of course I could not resist the plea of a dumb brute that was hungry. What woman can? I did not see it any more until last night when I had occasion to go up town at a rather late hour. I had hardly gone a few feet from my house before I heard the delicate patter of animal feet back of me. Looking around I saw my four-footed pensioner of a few days before, still wagging his tail, but this time looking at me with only gratitude and kindly feeling in his face. I was not particularly well pleased at being followed through the public streets by such a sorry-looking creature, but when I told the dog to go back he gently refused to obey.

"When I had accomplished the purpose of my errand and turned to retrace my steps homeward the dog was there to accompany me. Just as we were turning off the Circle into one of the principal streets a man stepped rudely into my pathway and grinned at me. Quick as a flash the dog sprang in front of me, and, curling his lips, began to growl in a most terrifying way, saying in a manner as intelligible as if he had employed human utterance: 'I guess you had better clear out of here at once.'

"The man lost little time in retreating to the dark corner from which he had come, and the rest of the way home, you may be very sure, I paid a great deal of attention to my humble protector."

EAGLE WAS A REAL FIGHTER.

Big Bird Whipped a Catamount and Required a Brave Man to Effect Its Capture.

A large American eagle, which was captured near Charleston, S. C., after it had whipped a catamount, was brought to Charleston and placed in a

THE EAGLE TURNED.

cage, from which it had to be moved later. The owner advertised for a brave man willing to overpower the bird without weapons.

H. J. Welch, a piano tuner, agreed to undertake the job, and a crowd surrounded the building to watch the event.

Welch first endeavored to throw a sack over the eagle's head, but this failed and the eagle showed signs of fight. The door was quickly opened and Welch rushed in. He seized the eagle by the legs, but it gave a swift lunge toward the door, passed out and dragged the would-be captor. Welch was dragged 20 feet, when the eagle turned and a desperate fight followed. The piano tuner was getting the rough end of the conflict, but bystanders interfered and the eagle was crippled and shoved into another cage. Welch was bruised and scratched, but otherwise was not inured.

Playing His Way to Buffalo.

W. A. Lipton, who says he is from Milwaukee and is playing his way to Buffalo on a wager, arrived in Chicago the other night with a violin under his arm. The wager, he says, makes it necessary that he should arrive in Buffalo within two weeks. When he left Milwaukee he had 15 cents. This sum was increased when Lipton played and sang on the streets.

BULL STARTED BACK.

Would Not Attack a Woman Made Up as a Statue.

Perilous Performance of Senorita Mercedes del Barte, Known as Donna Tancreda, Beautiful Queen of Valor.

According to a London correspondent there appeared, a few weeks ago, some alluring advertisements which were especially attractive to those Parisians who love excitement, and who had had their appetite for such things tickled by the races of the Rue Pergolese. The attraction this time was a woman, Donna Tancreda, who, made up to resemble a statue, was to await, motionless in the arena, the assault of the bull, and to conquer it by her immobility. At the last moment this performance, which was to have taken place at Enghein, was forbidden. It did, however, take place at Roubaix. Here is an exact account of what happened at the "suerte" of the statue:

At a given signal from the president, the doors of the arena opened and a magnificent carriage appeared, all draped in red velvet, fringed with gold. In this carriage sat Senorita Mercedes del Barte, alias Donna Tancreda.

The "Queen of Valor" is dressed completely in white. Her face and hair are powdered. The carriage stops just in front of the presiding party, and she gets out, smiling and bowing, and throws off her mantle, talking with the ushers while the attendants arrange in the middle of the arena a pedestal of wood about two feet high. When all is ready the impresario addresses the public, and begs them to observe the most rigorous silence during the performance. This is indispensable. Then Donna Tancreda mounts the pedestal, helped by the matadors. She crosses her arms and faces the door from which the bull will emerge. The woman looks exactly like a marble statue. The arena is empty. All the ushers have disappeared behind the barriers and shelters. The deepest silence reigns in the vast auditorium. Half a minute passes thus. Then the

THE BULL STOPS SHORT.

door opens, and one sees in the shadow the enormous head of the bull Gitano. The spectators hardly breathe; many of the women cover their eyes with their hands. It is a terrible moment.

The bull is a superb animal, with a powerful neck and long, straight horns. He raises his head, looks around, and at once bounds upon the white statue.

It is with the greatest difficulty that one can restrain a cry of horror; one's sensations are too painful, and a long endurance of such emotion would be unbearable.

Donna Tancreda is as rigid as marble. The least movement would be fatal to her.

The bull starts back, looks at his strange adversary, and then with a terrible bound rushes up to the pedestal. Anxiety is at its height. But once more the bull stops short without striking. He draws back a few feet, and, taking advantage of this, Donna Tancreda jumps down and rushes behind a screen, whilst the ushers draw off the bull.

The people breathe again. A long sigh escapes from all, and then thunders of applause are heard, and the "Queen of Valor" gets a tremendous ovation.

Donna Tancreda, who was born in Paris, has appeared with success at Barcelona, Valentia, Castile, Madrid, Seville and, for the first time in France, at Roubaix.

Enslaves the Kaiser's Son.

Miss Parker Deacon, who went to Berlin recently with the duchess of Marlborough, created a furore in German court circles. The crown prince, who will be kaiser if he outlives his father, was her devoted slave. In addition to being one of the most perfectly beautiful girls imaginable, she is an excellent linguist and uncommonly clever. Therefore it is no wonder that she causes a sensation wherever she goes. The duchess of Marlborough is devoted to her. Miss Deacon has every prospect of making a brilliant marriage. Miss Secor, another American girl, has made a sensational social success as well as Miss Deacon under the chaperonage of Lady Decies.

Poetry and Labor Mix.

A blending of poetry with the stern reality of manual work in applied science offered a departure in educational methods at the Armour institute at Chicago the other day. President Gunsaulus, determined that labor in greasy shops clad in overalls and jumpers should not rob the students of an appreciation of the delicate flights of poetry, introduced a new feature by giving over an hour to a lecture on one of the later English poets. The purpose of the lecture to the freshmen, as announced by President Gunsaulus, was to give to the students a broader view of the education that might be useful in engineering branches.

RAILROADS.

BALTIMORE AND ANNAPOLIS SHORT LINE RAILROAR.
TRAINS LEAVE CAMDEN STATION.
For Annapolis and way stations, week days, 7:15, 8.50 a. m., 1.10, 5.40 p. m.
On Sundays 8.50 a. m. 5.40 p. m.
For Round Bay and Bay Ridge, daily 3.00 p. m.
Leave Annapolis, week days, 6 45 8.55 a. m. 3.50 and 7.15 p. m.
Sundays 8.55 a. m. 3.50 and 7.45 p. m.
Leave Ray Ridge week days 7.00 p. m.
Sundays 7.30 p. m.
Fare to Bay Ridge and return, 50c.
C. A. Coombs. G. M.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

Leave Washington from station corner of New Jersey avenue and C st.
For Chicago and Northwest, *10.50 a. m., *8.05, p. m., daily.
For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Indianapolis, *10.05 a.m. *3.45 p.m., *1:10 night.
For Pittsburg and Cleveland *10.50 a. m., *8.30 p. m., and *1.00 night.
For Columbus and Wheeling, *8.05 p. m.
For Winchester †8.35 a. m., †1.45, and †5.30 p. m.
For Luray, †3.45 p.m.
For Annapolis, †7.15, §8.30, †8.35 . m., †12.15 and §1.35, †4.30 p .m.
For Frederick, †8.35, §9.00, †10.50, a. m., §1.15 †4.30, †5.30, 7.05 p. m,
For Hagerstown, †10.05 a. m. and †5.30 p.m.
For Boyd and way points, †8.35, §9.00 a. m., §1.15 †4.30, †5.30, *7.05 p. m.
For Gaithersburg and way points, †8.35, §9.00 a. m, †12.50, § .15, †3.15, †4.30, *5.00, †5.30, *7.05, §10.15, †11.25 p. m.
For Washington Junction and way points †8.35, §1.00, a. m., §1 15, †4.30., †5.30, p. m.
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NEGRO AUCTIONED OFF.

Sold at Courthouse Door at Louisville, Ky.—First Incident of Kind Since War.

Sye Lewis is the first negro sold into servitude in Kentucky since the war. He was disposed of at Louisville according to the order of the Spencer county court, advertised as follows:

Public Sale of Vagrant Sye Lewis.—Pursuant to the judgment of the Spencer Circuit court, entered at the June term, 1901, thereof in the case of Kentucky vs. Sye Lewis, charged with vagrancy, I will sell said vagrant, Sye Lewis, into servitude for the period of nine months. Said sale I will make at the front door of the courthouse, Taylorsville, on Monday, said day being county court day for said county, at two o'clock p. m. Said sale will be for cash to the highest bidder.

J. B. BUCKNER, S. S.

The law under which the sale was made was passed in 1795, and aimed at

"GENTLEMEN, A BID."

stopping gambling as much as vagrancy. The sale of Lewis was typical of a Kentucky county court day auction. The auctioneer, a man past middle life, stood on the old courthouse steps.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "come right up heah; I'm a-goin' to do something which many of you have never seen, and which some of you have forgot. I'm a-goin' to do something I haven't done for 36 years. I'm a-goin' to sell a nigger. As I just said a minute ago, I haven't seen one sold in 36 years. I saw plenty of it before the war.

"Now, gentlemen, by order of the Spencer county court, I'm a-goin' to sell Sye Lewis, of color, to the highest and best bidder for a term of nine months. I'm told by the sheriff that Sye Lewis cannot be found, so I'm instructed to sell the nigger a-runnin'. Now, I want you gentlemen to understand that we are responsible for the nigger until we deliver him into youh hands befoh the courthouse door. I forgot to say that I don't believe he has any blemishes on him, except a carbuncle on his neck. I can guarantee that he is not stringhaltered or ewe necked.

"Now, gentlemen, we have heard all the terms of the sale. Some one give me a bid on Sye Lewis, and start him along."

After a time some one bid two dollars and when the auctioneer had exhausted his effort to have the bid increased he was knocked down at that price.

Sye is still "a-runnin'."

WOMAN TAKES A WILD RIDE.

Shut Out of Vestibule Car, She Clings to the Steps for Five Miles.

A ride of five miles while clinging to the steps of a vestibule sleeper was the trying experience of Mrs. W. H. Fowler, of Williamsport, Pa. Mrs.

COLLAPSED.

Fowler attempted to board a Pennsylvania train at Montgomery, 20 miles from Williamsport. The porter, not seeing her, closed the vestibule door just as she mounted the steps, and the train began to move. The woman called loudly for help, but the noise of the train drowned her voice.

A mile out of the station a freight train passed in the opposite direction, and Mrs. Fowler's skirts, catching on the engine, were almost torn from her body. It was with great difficulty that she retained her hold. When the train rounded curves the inclined cars made her position still more perilous.

When the train stopped at a station five miles from Montgomery Mrs. Fowler fell in a state of collapse.

Bees Capture Lee's Statue.

The discovery has just been made that bees have constructed hives in the beautiful equestrian statue of Gen. Lee at Richmond. Both the horse and the figure of the confederate chief are replete with honey in the hidden nooks of the monument. The statue of Gen. Lee occupies a conspicuous place in Monumental square, which contains one of the most celebrated collections of bronze figures in the country. Its environs are luxurious, reveling in gardens of great floral wealth.

FIANCE ROBBED HER.

Kentucky Girl Displays Rare Presence of Mind.

When Her Lover Picked Up Her Jewelry and Valuables, It Nearly Broke Her Heart, but Not Her Pride.

"One of the most curious of Kentucky stories, and one that never reached the ears of the newspapers," gossiped a Louisville visitor to a New York Times reporter, the other day, 'occurred some years ago in our city. A promising young man had come to the city, had done well, was of a respectable country family, and had won the love of one of the finest young women in the city.

"An only child, and motherless, she lived with her father in one of the rambling mansions in the outskirts of the city. As is the custom in many southern places, the servants lived in a small building in the rear of the large plot of land surrounding the house. Late one afternoon the father told his daughter that she had better arrange to spend the night with one of her friends, as he expected to leave the city on a business trip and would be gone over night.

"She told him that she would not be afraid to stay in the house alone. She expected to go out to the theater that evening with her fiance. When they returned she would ask him to see that all the windows were securely fastened, and she would feel perfectly secure after he had gone.

"Her father somewhat reluctantly agreed to this, and started on his journey. The girl and her fiance went out together, as they had arranged to do. It seemed a peculiarly happy evening to the young woman. They returned to the house in due time. At her request her fiance examined all the windows and doors to see that they were fastened: She bade him good night and went up to her room, asking him to extinguish the front hall light and close the front door as he left. She saw

TOOK HER JEWELS.

the light go out and heard the front door slam.

"Thinking all was safe, she prepared to retire. Just before getting into bed, and while standing in front of her mirror, combing her hair at a dresser just opposite the door to the room and over which was a transom, she saw reflected from the transom the face of a man. A closer look showed that it was the man she had just left at the door.

"Being of a cool temperament and not possessed of 'nerves,' she made no sign of her observation, but calmly turned out the gas and retired. She lay awake, waiting to see what would happen. In about half an hour she was horrified to see the figure of this same individual climbing through the transom. He got into the room, walked to her dresser, took the jewels from it, including gifts he himself had made to her, ransacked the little treasure boxes she had, and then stealthily returned through the transom. With eyes half closed the young woman watched the whole performance silently.

"Her father returned home next morning and heard the story with extreme indignation. She begged him not to create any scandal about it, and as the young woman was nearly crazed with distress, he respected her wishes. It was finally agreed that she should write to the young man, telling him that she had seen it all, asking him to return her jewelry and requesting him never to let her see his face again.

"The father took this note to the young man, who promptly delivered the valuables he had stolen. The young woman's friends were told that the engagement was off, and it was not until very recently, several years after the incident, that the reason was known to anyone besides the three persons directly concerned in this tragic occurrence of this young lady's life."

Monstrosities Peculiar to America.

London, Glasgow, Manchester and many other British cities regulate transparencies, electric-flash signs, sky signs and the size of letters permissible in posters. Dover, England, requires a license for all street signs not contained within a window. France and Belgium tax street signs, and Belgium awards prizes for artistic signs. It is only in America, it seems, that we permit ourselves to be attacked on every hand by billboards and posters, says the Des Moines Leader, presumably out of sheer love for the ugliness of them.

Rich Find of Amber.

Extremely valuable deposits of amber have been discovered along the coast of the North sea, near the mouth of the River Elbe. The amber is believed to be in such enormous quantities that the government refuses to let it be worked at once for fear of ruining the existing amber works.

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RUINED BY HOBBIES.

Every Kind of Craze Counts Its Victims by the Score.

Rich Men Who Can Trace Their Financial Downfall to Golf, Horses, Dogs and Antiquities Are Quite Numerous.

How many men have been ruined by hobbies? That is a question that cannot be accurately answered, yet the number is known to be large.

All hobbies, from stamp-collecting and amateur photography to deer-stalking, have had their victims. Kenneth Price, the well-known Scottish golf player, who died about six months ago, owed his downfall entirely to golf. He was the son of Gordon Price, a wealthy Scottish ironmaster, who left him his business and a big fortune. Kenneth started playing golf as a boy, and for 25 years he lived solely for the game, playing it, literally, day and night; for he had his well-known links at Alderley lighted by electric lights at a cost of $35,000, so that night should not stop him when he wanted to play.

At St. Andrew's and all the great golfing centers he spent thousands, living at the most expensive hotels and spending his time on the links He did the thing well, certainly, for he held five amateur championships and paid his private caddie $1,500 a year. He devoted only ten days a year to business, the remaining 355 to golf, and the reason of his bankruptcy was easily attributable to golf.

It was yachting that brought about the downfall of Elliot Reid, the owner of the famous English racing boat, Myrtela. He owned, altogether, 53 boats in the course of his career, and he said that for ten years he had never been out of sight of one of his beloved craft. His love of yachting amounted to a monomania, and though he had an income of $30,000 a year, it could not keep pace with his expenditures on yachts. When he was brought into the bankruptcy court his yachting expenses were given—truly enough—as the reason of his failure.

Recently there died, at Bloemfontein, South Africa, Whyte Morley,

THE END OF IT ALL.

private in the imperial yoemanry. No man ever loved horses better than he did, and horses were his undoing. Not by gambling on them did he come to grief, for he never made a solitary bet in his life; but just by buying them. He spent three separate fortunes, each amounting to over $75,000, in breeding and training horses. He raced to a moderate extent, never gambling, and was fairly successful; but for all that his love for horses proved too much for his fortune.

Pictures and old china were the cause of the ruin of another man, Crawford Lennox, whose splendid collection came under the hammer recently in London. He was one of the chief connoisseurs of Europe in his chosen line. He would live on bread and water rather than forego the purchase of some coveted vase or picture; but his expenditures in this line were so great that he squandered not only his income, but his capital, and finally became bankrupt, and died in extreme poverty, the attending physician certifying that he was practically starved to death.

Arthur Griffiths, the famous dog fancier, "went to the dogs" through his pets. He never had less than a couple of hundred dogs at a time, and never sold any, though he would sometimes give them away to his friends. He never had a dog worth less than $5, and would frequently pay $500 for one. His collie, Nassie, cost him $1,000. His kennels were marvels of luxury and costliness, and his weekly bill for dog food alone was enormous. He bought, on an average, a couple of dogs a week, and would sometimes make presents of entire batches to his friends. Finally he became insolvent, and when his assets were figured up it was found that he had paid $35,000 for the dogs he then had on hand, to say nothing of the hundreds he had parted with. But when the kennels were sold they did not fetch $2,000.

LITTLE NUGGETS OF POETRY.

The Old Cellar.

A treasure cave it seemed to be,
Full of delicious mystery.
Across the windows' narrow panes
The spiders swung their silver chains!
Upon the swinging shelves o'erhead
Were jars of jams and jellies spread,
Which, when unsealed on festal days,
Outshone the ruby's richest rays.
In one far corner's dreamy dusk
Ripe apples stored their balm and musk.
Huge pumpkins from the next one rolled,
Like giant beads of richest gold.
Ranged upon shelves around the wall
Were firkins short and firkins tall,
Where, youthful palates to entice,
Green pickles swam in seas of spice.
Among them, bulging boldly out,
Was the brown oak cask filled with "kraut."
Perchance that cellar, rough and dark,
Is type of many a man of mark
Whose mind, unpolished, yet has stored
Rich viands for life's festal board.
—Adela S. Cody, in Good Housekeeping.

Sleep and Death.

Beyond the dying sun's last rim of light,
That gilds the farthest reach of western sea,
The weary spirit flies in fantasy
To some mysterious cavern, filled with night.
No star-ray mars the velvet darkness deep,
Silence and stillness hold each tiny breath
Till life stands tip-toe on the verge of death,
Enfolded in thy mystery of sleep.
Most sweet and dread Hereafter, through what gate
Shall thy unfathomable life be won,
When toilworn souls behold the final sun,
Night-wrapped, descend, and darkness fall like Fate?
Sleep may reveal in dream's entrancing spell;
Of jealous Death's great secret, who can tell?
—Francis Annesley, in Chambers' Journal.

Waiting for the Lord to Provide.

"The Lord'll provide," he said
And sat around;
While others pushed on ahead
And sought and found.
He waited in idleness—
"The Lord'll provide, I guess,"
He said when the gray wolf prowled,
And "the Lord'll provide, I guess,"
He said when the wild wind howled
Like a fiend unbound.

"The Lord'll provide," he said
When they came and found
The rags on the broken bed,
Where he tossed around:
He that waited in idleness
Said "the Lord'll provide, I guess,"
As they looked and sighed—
"The Lord'll provide, I guess—"
And the Lord did, at last, provide—
A hole in the ground.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Progress.

Whate'er the dismal doubters say,
We're breaking from the ancient sway
Of hate and superstition gray
And creeds that fetter.
From year to year and day to day
The world grows better.

Humanity their steps have bent
Up the long, arduous ascent,
The highway of enlightenment,
With faces dawnward.
Still up that path, with high intent,
The race moves onward.

Up through the long, dark night of Time,
From out the shadowed past we climb,
Above the ignorance and crime—
The gyves that bound us—
Unto [illegible]
In eminence sublime,
The sunlight 'round us.
—J. A. Edgerton, in Boston Budget.

"To Know All Is to Forgive All."

If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me.

If I knew you and you knew me,
As each one knows his own self, we
Could look each other in the face
And see therein a truer grace.
Life has so many hidden woes,
So many thorns for every rose;
The "why" of things our hearts would see
If I knew you and you knew me.
—Nixon Waterman, in Good Cheer.

Is Life Worth Living?

Is life wuth livin'? I dunno.
Maybe not an' maybe so.
Haven't time, the truth to state,
Fur sech serious debate.
When the sun is kind an' warm
An' the sky is free from storm,
When the buds are lookin' out
At the grasses round about,
An' the wakenin' through the wood
Sort o' sets you feelin' good,
I jes' haven't got the time
Fur the solemn an' sublime.
Life wuth livin'? I dunno;
Maybe not an' maybe so.
When the birds begin to sing
I can't stop fur figgering.
—Washington Star.

A Country Inn.

It stands, so white and cool and neat,
Midway the drowsy village street,
With windows open to the breeze,
And town folk lounging at their ease.

Tired with the long, hot day a-wheel,
I gladly sniff the evening meal,
And leave an endless, dusty road,
To make the inn my night's abode.

The shadows deepen. On the hill
A tree-toad wakes a whippoorwill;
Softly the dew begins to fall;
A star gleams o'er the pines' dark wall.
—James Buckham, in Good Housekeeping.

Inevitable.

As in every song of merit
A vein of sadness lies,
So gleams of tragic import come
From High-Endeavor's eyes.

If Excelsior be your watchword,
Your aims ideally fine,
Remember—you must suffer,
As hearts that deepest pine.

Yet off—throw off earth's chaining!
Up, up into the blue!
The prize to win is worthy.
The pain we struggle through.
—J. E. Patterson, in Black and White.

The Untruthful Daisy.

She wandered where the daisies grew
Her lips were red; her eyes were blue.
She plucked a daisy from its bed,
And broke each petal as she said:

"He loves me; he loves me not,
He loves me, he loves me not;
He loves me, daisy tell me so."
The final petal answered: "No."

She laughed, but one small tear drop bold
Spread secrets of the heart untold.
"He loves me not?" she tossed her head,
"Why, daisy, you tell lies," she said.
—N. Y. Sun.

Tired.

Too tired to work, too tired to play;
Too tired to go, too tired to stay.

Too tired to ride, too tired to walk;
Too tired to write, too tired to talk.

Too tired to loaf, too tired to think;
Too tired to eat, too tired to drink.

Too tired to laugh, too tired to weep,
Too tired to wake, too tired to sleep.

Too tired to sing, too tired to sigh;
Too tired to live, too tired to die.
—Joe Cone, in Brooklyn Life.

ITO NOW IN AMERICA.

Former Premier of Japan, on Health Trip, Will Travel Through the United States.

Marquis Ito, former premier of Japan, is now in the United States. He is traveling for the benefit of his health, which had been failing for some months. He will travel through the country and will possibly visit London before his return, three or four months hence.

It is now rather more than four years since the marquis passed through America en route to the jubilee celebration in London.

In persoral appearance he has changed but little since then. Though

THE MARQUIS ITO.
(Japanese Statesman Who Is Now Visiting the United States.)

ailing he still possesses the alertness and spirit characteristic of his life. Accompanying him is a party of prominent Japanese, including Hon. K. Tsazuki, advisory minister of the department of education.

When asked what he thought of Russian aggression in the far east, the marquis stated that he did not consider any steps in the direction now being taken by the czar were hostile to Japan. His country was not opposed to any of the present movements of Russia; in fact, he stated that the relationship between the two countries was now of the friendliest nature.

Just before leaving Japan the marquis said in a speech:

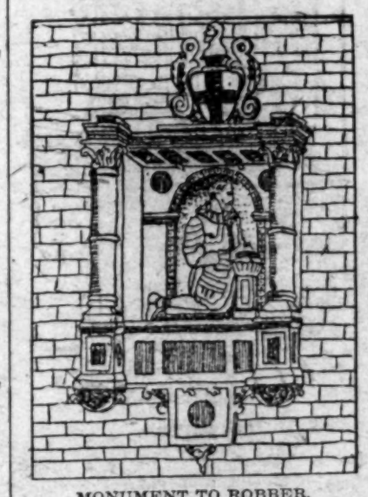
"The affairs of the far east have become subjects of the closest attention on the part of European and American powers during the last few years, and there are indications that the far east will be brought into closer touch with foreign countries in future.

"For these reasons I deem it most necessary that Japanese should make [illegible] you will then get a [illegible] exhaustive inquiries into the affairs of Europe and America by means of personal inspection. I hope that my trip abroad will help me in furthering the welfare of our country. Looking into the present state of Japan, political circles seem to be enjoying temporary tranquillity, as there is no important political question ahead requiring the immediate attention of the politicians. The policy of the government, it may be presumed, will not undergo any radical change to that pursued."

MONUMENT TO ROBBER.

Highwayman Honored with a Memorial in the Parish Church of Avening, England.

The duchess of Beaufort performed the other day the chief part in opening a bazar for the restoration fund of the parish church of Avening, Eng-



MONUMENT TO ROBBER.
(Erected in an English Church to the Memory of Henry Brydges.)

land. This church contains some fairly well preserved specimens of early British architecture, but its chief claim to distinction lies in the fact that it is probably the only church where a highwayman has been honored with a monument.

Lord John Chandos gained his barony and the grant of Sudley castle by his strenuous support of Queen Mary's claims to the throne. Afterwards, when that ill-advised queen was hailing her subjects to jail and to death as heretics, Lord Chandos, though opposed to the executions, had to act as the queen's instrument. His son, Henry Brydges, connived at the escape of a family marked for punishment, and, being recognized, he and his servants were forced to lead the life of outlaws.

At his death his admirers put up the monument to him in Avening church.

Big Shower of Insects.

In Szentes, Hungary, a black cloud suddenly obscured the sky, and a shower of greenish, opalescent insects began to descend, covering the ground to the depth of a foot.

SULTAN'S HOME LIFE.

Ruler of Turkey Afraid of Conspirators and Assassins.

Rises Early and Pays Strict Attention to State Business—Is Easily Misled by Members of His Official Staff.

Abdul Hamid, sultan of Turkey, must always be a figure pregnant with interest for the world at large. A new work shortly to appear in an English translation is from the pen of Georges Dorrys and is a clear and apparently authentic account of the life and reign of the only monarch in Europe powerful enough to successfully withstand the march of civilization in his own dominions, whose temporal authority is without limit, and whose spiritual authority exceeds, perhaps, that of any priest on earth. Turkey and its ruler have so long presented a vexed problem, the issues of which are of such moment to Europe, that a nearer acquaintance with the vie intime of the sovereign cannot fail to be welcome and instructive. To western eyes the orient has ever appeared shrouded in a veil of mystery and romance which, though impeding a clearer vision, greatly enhances the fascination. The tortuous ways of the east are not our ways, nor is it possible for us to entirely fathom the workings of the oriental mind; therefore, such an insight as M. Dorrys gives us becomes all the more interesting, for it helps us to lift the veil a little and to pierce the gloom with our own eyes.

The ordinary daily life of the sultan seems to be comparatively regular. Rising at 4:30, or at least 5, every morning, his entire day is spent in a ceaseless round of occupations. That these bear little on state affairs is proved by the fact that current matters often drag along for months, and even years, in spite of the tireless activity of the master mind. In fact, most of Abdul Hamid's time is spent in his study, absorbed in the perusal of reports sent by his spies from every quarter of the globe, for, as it has been truly remarked, the sultan's subjects may be

SULTAN ABDUL HAMID.
(Turkey's Ruler Who Is a Hopeless Victim of Distrust.)

divided into two broad classes—namely, the spies and the spied upon.

Very opposite traits in this strange character are Abdul Hamid's extreme credulity and his overwhelming suspicion and distrust. In proof of the former it is told that all his drinking water must be brought from Kiathane, because years ago the Bohemian Aafital prophesied he should reign on condition that he drank no other. On a second occasion he met a wandering gypsy in his park at Kiathane, and asked her to tell him his fortune. Oddly enough she predicted his accession to the throne, as well as a long reign, wars, etc., concluding with the ominous words: "Your death will be caused by an illness coming from outside."

Like all despots, the padishah has a horror of death, and, consequently, dreads illness, especially anything of a contagious nature. Cholera and the plague have found him a determined enemy, and if Constantinople of to-day boasts a perfect system of sanitation and advanced colleges for the study of bacteriology, it owes them to the gypsy's warning. His majesty himself is no mean chemist, having devoted a good deal of time to the study of medicine, for, like the wise and far-seeing monarch he is, he fully realizes the benefit of being able personally to analyze such drinks as may appear suspicious. Moreover, he doctors his own ailments, and has done so since the physician who formerly enjoyed his confidence became old and fell into disgrace.

At the first alarming rumor or embarrassing political crisis all his usual habits and occupations are swept away before the threatened storm and he remains for long periods plunged in thought, his active mind preparing plans against an enemy or busily engaged conjuring up visions of imaginary danger. He has been known to remain 48 hours without either food or sleep when suffering from one of these fits. Such long watches, together with the tremendous mental and physical strain endured, bring on nervous attacks of great violence, which render the monarch perfectly ferocious, so that while the paroxysm lasts no one dare approach him. It is, therefore, not surprising that, in spite of the care he takes of his health and the precautions with which he surrounds himself, Abdul Hamid, after a reign of 25 years, looks prematurely old and broken. His weakness is extreme and his body so thin that it is little more than a skeleton; in [illegible] it is only by dint of will power [illegible] ous energy that the sultan [illegible] o keep up.

of Vegetarians.

the inhabitants of [illegible] are vegetarians. [illegible]lats chiefly of rice, [illegible]rnips and potatoes.

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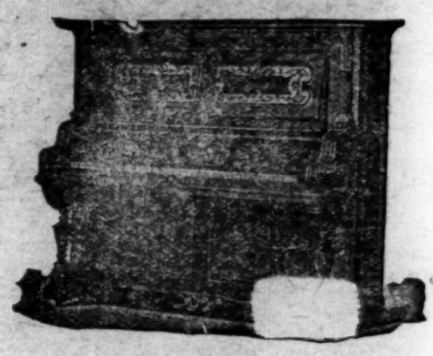

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What Years Do to Us.

Our judgment mellows as we age—
But 'tis a problem grim.
Is it because we're growing sage,
Or merely losing vim?
—Chicago Record-Herald.

DECIDEDLY OBLIGING.

"Late again, Jane! You are always behind time. It's no use talking to you. I shall have to get another girl."

"I wish yer would, mum. There'd be plenty of work for the two of us."
—Punch.

Fees and Fees.

He thought he'd won a fine estate,
To hold it all in fee;
He thought, but then he guessed again,
As he paid his lawyer's fee.
—N. Y. Evening Sun.

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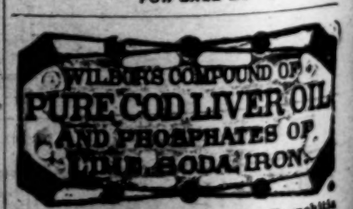

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